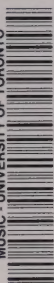



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Our National Songs

Collected and Arranged

by

SIR HAROLD BOULTON, Bart., c.v.o.

and

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Volume I.

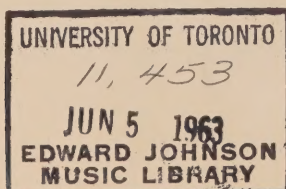
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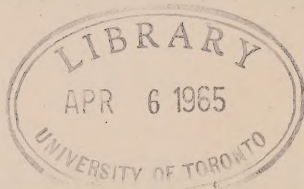
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OUR NATIONAL SONGS

(PREFACE)

THE countries comprised in the British Isles are pre-eminently rich in the beauty and variety of their national songs, and the Overseas Empire is already adding its quota.

The store available is continually growing, not only from new discoveries and new handlings of old material, but from the mellowing of new vintages into old. Brands that were new a century ago or even less become standard vintages. To take two instances:—the words of “Killarney” were written by Falconer and the music by Balfe. The latter died in 1870; the French words of “O Canada” were written by Judge Routhier and the music by Lavalee in 1880. Both these songs, like the songs of Dibdin, who died in 1814, have now become classic.

It would appear that the taste, both musical and literary, as to the form in which the public likes its national song presented to it, is continually altering and developing. The arrangements of early nineteenth century musicians are not so acceptable in the 20th century as they originally were. The lyrics of Moore, and even in some instances of Burns, begin to vanish from the melodies to which they were originally harnessed, to be replaced by others. In the latter case some of the poems of Burns written in the Lowland Scots language have, though beautiful in themselves, been divorced by purists from old Highland Melodies in favour of lyrics of Gaelic origin or Highland complexion.

But the good old melodies flow on, sonorous in their majesty or bewitching in their artless simplicity and charm, and, unless decay in patriotism or literary and musical taste reaches undreamed of depths of degradation, each decade will welcome successive attempts to display the old treasures in a suitable form.

Whoever misses some favourite melody from this collection must know that if it does not appear it is probably because a limit having been set to the number of songs in the volumes some lesser known melody has been inserted which in the opinion of the editors was worthy of inclusion.

The sole object of these volumes is to put into the hands of both old and young for their delectation some portion of our great national heritage of song.

We must postpone from the prologue to the epilogue our thanks to those who are helping us.

HAROLD BOULTON.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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Mentra Gwen

CANADIAN

O Canada

No. 1. Sally in our Alley.

Words by
HENRY CAREY. (early 18th Century.)
Verses can be selected for singing.

Tune earlier than the words.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice

p

1. Of all the girls that are so
(2) days with-in the

Piano

p

smart, There's none like pretty Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
week, I dear-ly lovebut one day; And that's the day that comes be-tween A

lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy in the land That's
Sat-ur-day and Mon-day; Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a soft (*p*) dynamic. The voice part enters with a melody that is also marked *p*. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, with the first system showing two alternative verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, supporting the vocal melody.

Carey wrote original words and music, but his tune was subsequently discarded for this older melody.

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(J. B. C. & Co 12950)

half so sweet — as Sal - ly She is the dar - ling of my
walk a - broad — with Sal - ly

heart, And lives in our — al - ley.

1. 2. Of all the When Christmas comes about a - gain, Oh,

then I shall have money; I'll save it up, — and box and all — I'll

give un - to my hon - ey; And when my sev'n long years are

out, Oh then I'll mar - ry Sal - ly, And then how

hap - pi - ly we'll live But not in our

al - ley.

Fed. *

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so sweet,
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley;
 There is no lady in the land
 That's half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes, like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely;
 But let him bang, long as he will,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamèd,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 Soon as the text is namèd:
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my sev'n long years are out,
 Oh, then I'll marry Sally
 And then how happily we'll live—
 But not in our alley.

Her Father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry them;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy them:
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday:
 Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally
 She is the darling of my heart
 And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
 Oh, then I shall have money;
 I'll save it up, and box and all
 I'll give unto my honey;
 I would it were ten thousand pounds
 I'd give it all to Sally.
 She is the darling of my heart.
 And lives in our alley.

Henry Carey. (Early 18th Century.)

N^o 2. The Leather Bottel.

Words Traditional

(17th Century or earlier).

Verses can be selected for singing.

Tune old English

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Quickly. *f*

Voice

Piano

'Twas

God a - bove that made all things, The heav'ns, the earth, and

all there in, The ships that on the sea do swim To

guard from foes, that none come in; And let them all do

what they can, 'Twas for one end, - the use of man, So I

wish in heav'n his soul may dwell, That first found

out the leather bot - tel.

1. 2.

THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein,
The ships that on the sea do swim
To guard from foes, that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Twas for one end,— the use of man,
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay:
But had it been in a leather bottèl
Although he had fallen, all had been well,
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

A leather bottèl we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans or wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottle standing by,
Will raise the spirits, whenever he's dry.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottle full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle?
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

There's never a Lord, an Earl or Knight,
But in this bottle doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottle of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Words 17th Century.
or earlier.

(Verses may be selected for singing according to taste.)

No. 3. We be Three Poor Mariners.

Words about 1609.

Old Dance Tune about 1609.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Moderately fast.

Voice

Piano *mf*

2. We

1. We be three poor ma - ri - ners, New - ly — come from the
care not for those mar - tial men Who do — our States dis -

seas; We spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, While
- dain; But we care for those mer - chant men Who

oth - ers live at ease. Shall we go dance the
do our States main - tain. To them we dance this

f

round, a-round, a-round? Shall we — go dance the
round, a-round, a-round, To them we dance this

f

round, a-round, a-round? And he that is a bul - ly boy, Come
round, a-round, a-round

f

pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground. 1. rit. 2. rit.
ground, a-ground, a-ground.

rit.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.

We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, around, around?
Shall we go dance the round?
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.

We care not for those martial men
Who do our States disdain;
But we care for those merchantmen
Who do our States maintain.
To them we dance this round, around, around.
To them we dance this round;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.

Traditional words

(about 1609.)

No. 4. On the Banks of Allan Water.

Words by
M. G. LEWIS.
(1775—1818)

Air by C. E. HORN (1786—1849)
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice.

Piano.

p

On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the sweet springtide did
On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When brown Au-tumn spread its
On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the win-ter snow fell

fall — Was the mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter,
store, — There I saw the mil - ler's daugh - ter,
fast, — Still was seen the mil - ler's daugh - ter,

Fair - est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier
 But she smiled no more. For the sum - mer grief had
 Chill - ing blew the blast. But the mil - ler's love - ly

sought her, And a win - ning tongue had he; — On the banks of Al-lan
 brought her, And a sol - dier false was he; — On the banks of Al-lan
 daugh - ter Both from cold and care was free, — On the banks of Al-lan

Wa - ter, None so gay as she.
 Wa - ter, None so sad as she.
 Wa - ter, There a corse lay she.

1 & 2. 3.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweet springtide did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter
 Fairest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he;
 On the banks of Allan Water
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When brown Autumn spread its store,
 There I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smiled no more.
 For the summer grief had brought her
 And a soldier false was he,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast.
 But the miller's lovely daughter
 Both from cold and care was free,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 There a corse lay she.

M. G. Lewis.
 (1775—1818)

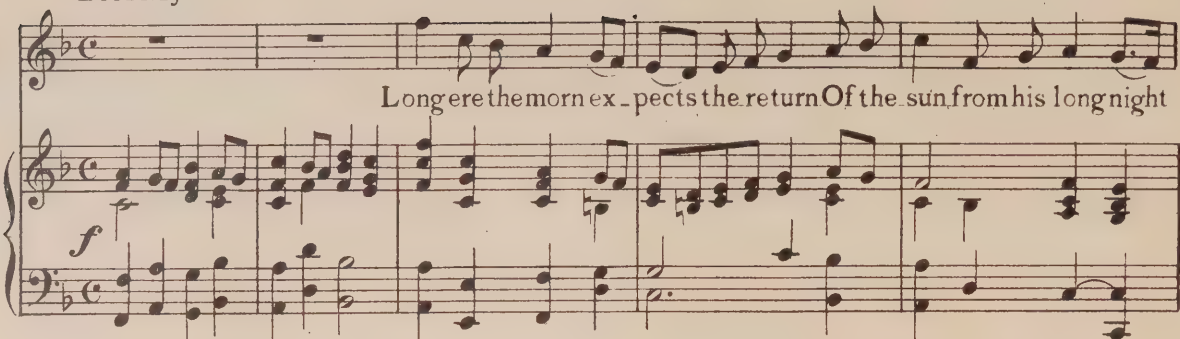
No. 5. The Hunter in His Career.

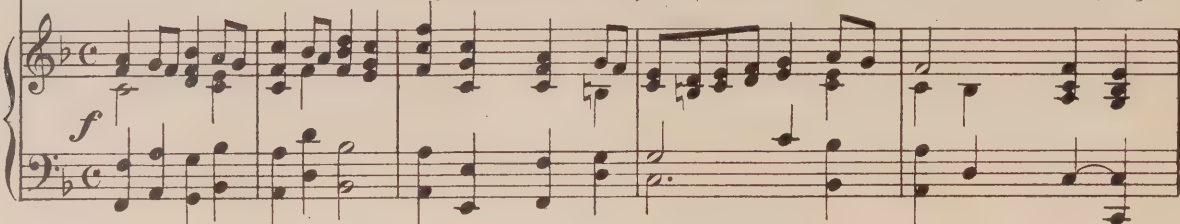
Old words adapted by
H. B.

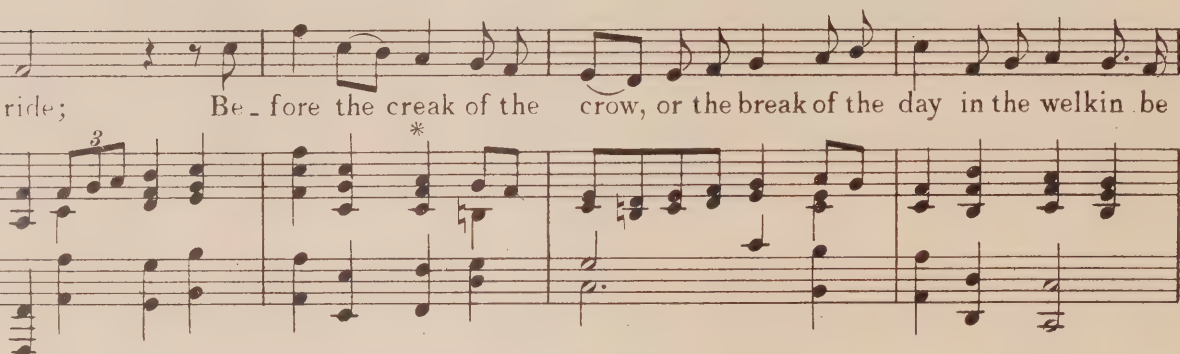
Air, about 1627.

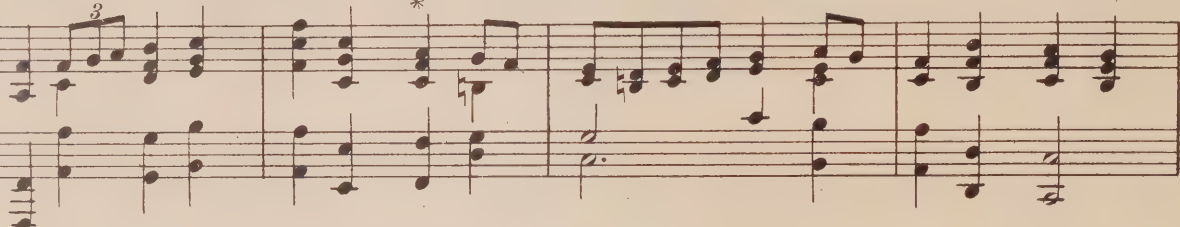
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

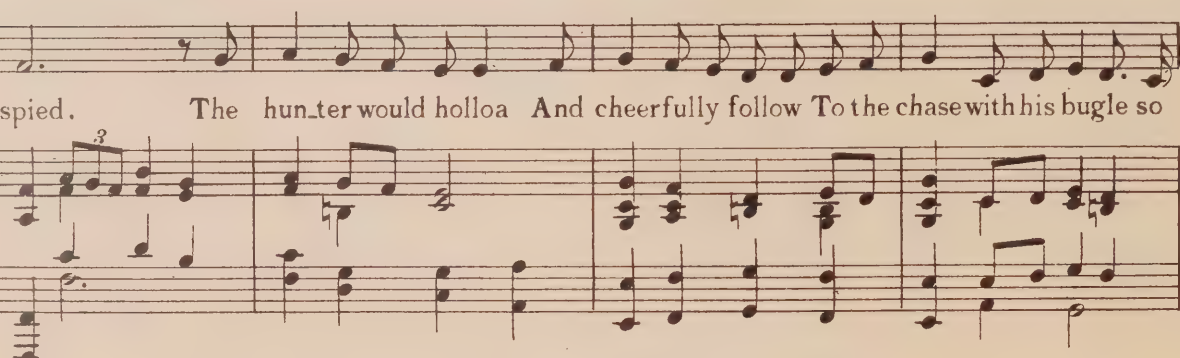
Briskly.


Voice. 
Long ere the morn expects the return Of the sun from his long night

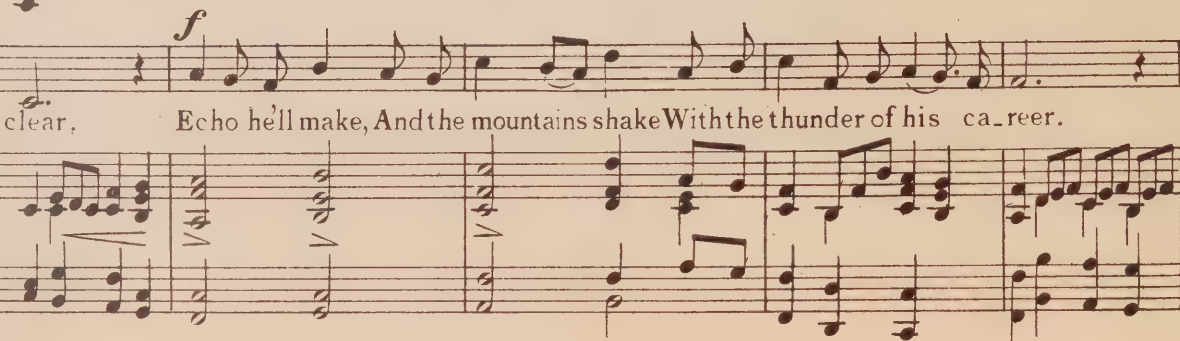
Piano. 
f

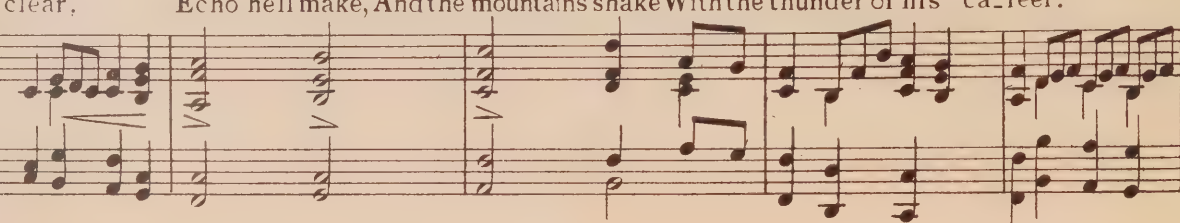
Voice. 
ride; Be fore the creak of the crow, or the break of the day in the welkin be

Piano. 
*

Voice. 
spied. The hunter would holloa And cheerfully follow To the chase with his bugle so

Piano. 
3

Voice. 
clear, Echo he'll make, And the mountains shake With the thunder of his career.

Piano. 
f

* i.e. Croak.

2. Now bonny bay with la - ther is gray, And -
 3. Swains their re - past, and - strang - ers their haste neg -

staccato.

dap - ple - gray turned all gray.
 - lect when the horns they do hear, Be -

White Li - ly stops with the scent in her chops, And -
 - hold - ing a fleet pack of hounds in a *sheet By -

Black la - dy cries yea! yea!
 down and by din - gle and mere.

* An expression often used to denote hounds running in a close pack.

Poor sil - ly Wat in this wretch - ed state for
Sport when he ends, he joy - ful - ly wends home a -

- gets those de - lights for to hear,
- gain to his cot - tage, — where

Nim - bly she bounds from the cry of the hounds, And the
Frank - ly he feasts both him - self and his guests, And ca -

1. mu - sic of their ca - reer.
rous - es in his ca - reer.

2.

THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER.

Long ere the morn expects the return of the sun from his long night ride,
 Before the *creak of the crow, or the break of the day in the welkin be spied.
 The hunter would holloa and cheerfully follow to the chase with his bugle so clear.
 Echo he'll make, and the mountains shake with the thunder of his career.

Now bonny bay with lather is gray, and dapple gray turned all gray.
 White Lily stops with the scent in her chops, and Black Lady cries yea! yea!
 Poor silly Wat in this wretched state forgets these delights for to hear.
 Nimble he bounds from the cry of the hounds and the music of their career.

Swains their repast, and strangers their haste neglect when the horns they do hear.
 Beholding a fleet pack of hounds in a sheet* by down and by dingle and mere.
 Sport when he ends he joyfully wends home again to his cottage, where
 Frankly he feasts both himself and his guests, and carouses in his career.

Old words adapted by H.B.

* ie Croak.

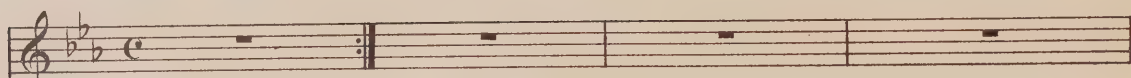
* An expression often used to denote hounds running in a close pack.

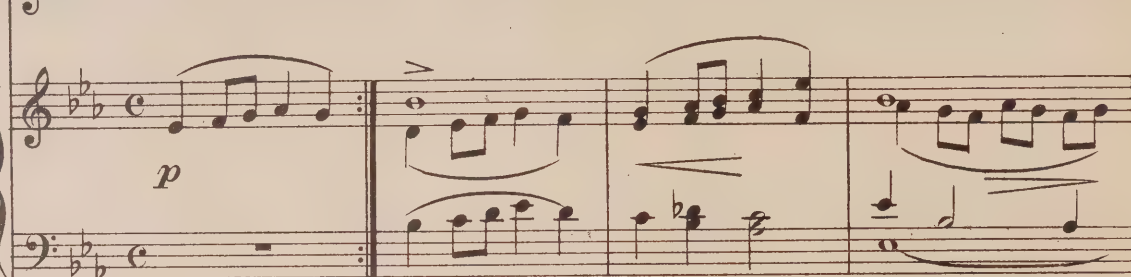
No. 6. Now Robin lend to me thy bow.

Old words altered by
HAROLD BOULTON.

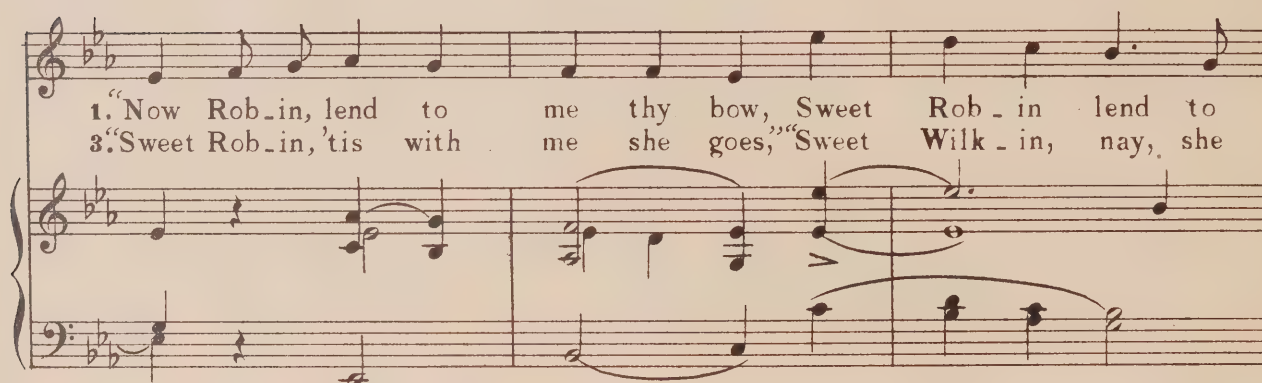
16th Century Air
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Fairly fast.

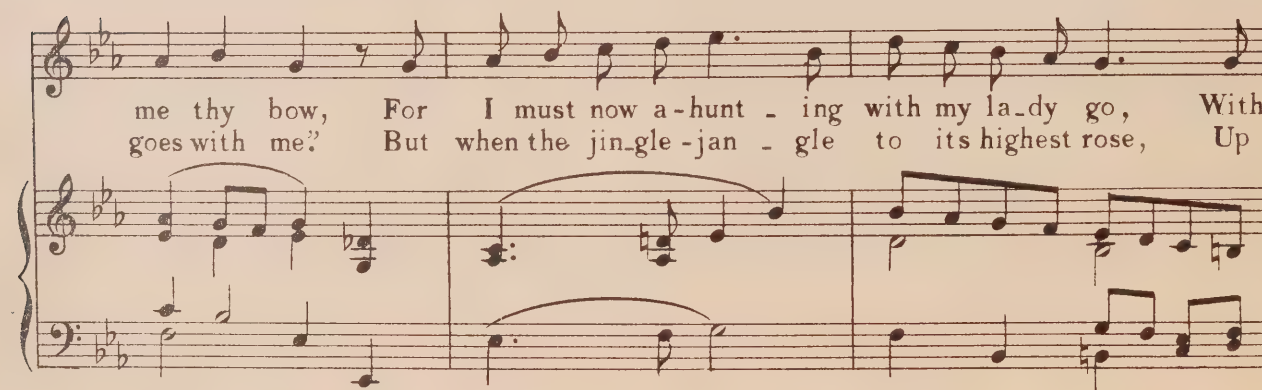
Voice. 

Piano. 

1. "Now Rob-in, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Rob-in lend to
3. "Sweet Rob-in, 'tis with me she goes," Sweet Wilk-in, nay, she



me thy bow, For I must now a-hunt-ing with my la-dy go, With
goes with me." But when the jin-gle-jan-gle to its highest rose, Up



my sweet la - dy go." 2. "Sweet Wilkin if she
came that sweet la - dye. 4. "Sweet Robin, now un -

hunt - ing go, Me - thinks she hunts the harte with me, There -
- bend thy bow, Sweet Wilk - in smooth thy brow," quo' she, "Ye

- fore, par - die, my hawke, my hound and eke my bow Must serve my sweet la -
twain must hunt my harte at home I - trow; God speed your ve - ne -

1st. 2nd.
- dye." - rie."

NOW ROBIN LEND TO ME THY BOW.



"Now Robin, lend to me thy bow,"
 "Sweet Robin lend to me thy bow,"
 "For I must now a-hunting with my lady go,"
 "With my sweet lady go."
 "Sweet Wilkin, if she hunting go,"
 "Methinks she hunts the harte with me,"
 "Therefore, pardie, my hawke, my hound and eke my bow"
 "Must serve my sweet ladye."

"Sweet Robin, 'tis with me she goes;"
 "Sweet Wilkin, nay, she goes with me."
 But when the jingle-jangle to its highest rose,
 Up came that sweet ladye.
 "Sweet Robin, now unbend thy bow,"
 "Sweet Wilkin, smooth thy brow," quo' she;
 "Ye twain must hunt my harte at home, I trow,"
 "God speed your venerie."

Old words altered by Harold Boulton.

No. 7. Floodes of Tears.

WORDS TRADITIONAL.

Spelling as in Forbes Cantus. 12th Century.

Old English Air Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Adagio ma non troppo.

Voice.

Piano.

1. If floodes of tears could change my fol-lies
2. I see my hopes are blast ed in the
3. Since man is no thing but a mass of

past, Or smoaks of sighs could sac-ri-fice for sin,
bud, And find men's fa-vours are like fa-ding flowers;
clay, Our days not else but sha-dows on the wall,

mf

If groaning cries could free my fault at last, Or end-less
I find too late that words can do no good, But loss of
Trust in the Lord, who lives and lasts for aye, Whose fa-vour

f

moan could ev-er par-don win, Then would I weep, sigh, cry
time and lan-guish-ing of hours. Thus since I see, I sigh
found will nev-er fade nor fall. My God, to thee, I resign

and ev-er groan For-fol lies, faults, faults, for
and say there-fore, Hopes, fav-ours, words, be-gone, be-
my mouth and mind, No trust in youth, in youth, nor

1. 2.

sins and errors done. more. -
gone, be-guile no find. -
faith in age I

pp

FLOODS OF TEARS.

If floods of tears could change my follies past,
 Or smokes of sighs could sacrifice for sin,
 If groaning cries could free my fault at last,
 Or endless moan could ever pardon win,
 Then would I weep, sigh, cry, and ever groan,
 For follies, faults, for sins and errors done.

I see my hopes are blasted in the bud,
 And find men's favours are like fading flowers;
 I find too late that words can do no good,
 But loss of time and languishing of hours.
 Thus since I see, I sigh and say therefore,
 Hopes, favours, words, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a mass of clay,
 Our days not else but shadows on the wall,
 Trust in the Lord, who lives and reigns for aye,
 Whose favour found will neither fade nor fall.
 My God, to Thee, I resign my mouth and mind,
 No trust in youth, nor faith in age I find.

Traditional.

No. 8. Logie o' Buchan.

G. HALKET. (1730)
Verses can be selected for singing.

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In moderate time. *p*

Voice

O — Lo - gie o' Buchan, O
Though San - dy has ousen, has

Piano

p

Lo - gie the laird, They hae ta'en a - wa' Jamie that delv'd in the
gear and has kye, A — house and a hadden, and sil - ler for -

yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi - ol sae sma', They hae
bye, Yet I'd take my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand, Be -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'In moderate time.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment for the second line. The third system continues for the third line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, often with slurs indicating phrasing.

ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said
 fore I'd hae San - dy wi' hous - es and land. He said

p

"Think nae lang, las-sie, though I gang a - wa', For I'll

come back and see ye, in spite of them a'."

1.

2. Though a'."

2.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
 They haeta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard;
 Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma',
 They haeta'en awa' Jamie the flow'r o' them a'.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
 For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

Though Sandy has ousen, has gear and has kye,
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye,
 Yet I'd take my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land.

But simmer is comin' cauld winter's awa'
 An' he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They flyte upon Jamie because he is poor;
 Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said "Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
 For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

I sit on my creepie an' spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
 An' he gied me the half o't when he gaed away.

Then haste ye back Jamie, cauld winter's awa',
 For ye'll come back and see me in spite o' them a'.

G. Halket. (1730.)

No. 9. Mary Jamieson.

WORDS TRADITIONAL.

Old Scottish Air arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Adagio ma non troppo.

Voice

Piano

p

p

I hae lo'ed ye, Ma - ry Jamieson, As

bride groom ne'er lo'ed bride; The hours flew by, I

wist - na how, When ye stood by my side. — Ye

kent my heart was a' your ain, Mair lo'ed ye could-na be; But

love - less heart, and hame - less love, Are a' ye left to

me. — At the

cuc - koo's time o' com - in' Ye were wi' me at the

p

well, — At the swal - lows time of flitt - in', I

stood there by my - sel'. — But snaw up-on the

surg - ing sea, Nor dew up-on the flower, Fleets

not sae soon, fades not sae fast, As

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat major). The lyrics are "not sae soon, fades not sae fast, As". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and follows the vocal line.

fleets love's lit - - tle hour

non rall.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "fleets love's lit - - tle hour". The piano accompaniment features a more complex melody with many eighth notes. The tempo marking "*non rall.*" is present.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly empty, with rests. The piano accompaniment continues with a complex melody of eighth notes.

rall. *pp*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has a long note with a slur. The piano accompaniment features a complex melody. The tempo marking "*rall.*" and the dynamic marking "*pp*" are present.

MARY JAMIESON.

I hae lo'ed ye, Mary Jamieson,
As bridegroom ne'er lo'ed bride;
The hours flew by, I wistna how,
When ye stood by my side.
Ye kent my heart was a' your ain,
Mair lo'ed ye couldna be;
But loveless heart, and hameless love,
Are a' ye left to me.

At the cuckoo's time o' comin',
Ye were wi' me at the well;
At the swallow's time o' flittin',
I stood there by mysel'.
But snaw upon the surging sea,
Nor dew upon the flower,
Fleets not sae soon, fades not sae fast,
As fleets love's little hour.

Traditional.

No. 10. Skye Boat Song.

*(Jacobite.)

(IORRAM SGITHEANACH) AIR (founded upon an old "Chanty")
Composed by A. C. MACLEOD.

Words by

HAROLD BOULTON.

Gaelic Translation by

NEIL SHAW.

only authorised translation.

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

With a strong swing.

Voice. *f*

Piano. *f*

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
Siubhail, a bhir - linn, mar eun air an sgéith,

"Onward" the sailors cry;— Carry the lad that's born to be king Over the sea to Skye.
"Siuthad" a dheibh na seòid;— Giulain an' laoch bu chòir bhi na rìgh Thairis gu Tìr a' Chèò.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunderclaps rend the air;
Séideadh gaoth chruaidh, beucadh na stuaidh, Tairneach a' sguabadh neoil;

J.B.C & C^o 12950.

* This song illustrates an episode in the wanderings of Prince Charlie after Culloden, in 1746, when he made his escape from the net his enemies had spread for him, by putting out to sea with Flora Macdonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm, an example which his pursuers, though well provided with boats, did not venture to imitate.
From "Songs of the North" by arrangement.

Baffled our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.—
 Nàmhaid fo ghruaim sealltuinn thar chuan, Gealtach thug suas an tòir.—

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing "Onward" the sail - ors cry; —
 Siubhail, a bhìr - linn, mar eun air an sgéith, "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid; —

Car - ry the lad that's born to be king Ov - er the sea to Skye. —
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò. —

p
 Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a roy - al bed. —
 Sèimh tha do shuain dh'aindeoin guth stuadh 'Srioghail do chluan fo sheòl; —

Rocked in the deep, Flor_a will keep Watch by your wea - ry head. —
 Ainnir nam buadh, Tàladh a luaidh, Fàire do chuail - ein òir. —

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing. "Onward" the sail - ors cry —
 Siu-bhail, a bhìr-linn, mar .eun air an sgéith "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid; —

Car - ry the lad that's born to be king Ov - er the sea to Skye. —
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò. —

Many's the lad fought on that day Well the claymore could wield —
 Burn'd are our homes, ex - ile and death Scatter the lov - al men —
 'S ioma fear treun chaidhanns an streup Claidheamh air ghleus gu leòn; —
 Dachaidhean fàs, faondradh is bàs, Sgaoilte na sàir bu tèom; —

When the night came si-lent-ly lay Dead on Cul-lo - den's field
 Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come a - gain.
 Fhuaradh a chré aig ciaradh gréin', Sín' air Cuil - lo - dair reòt?
 Mùn fhuaraich lann 's an truaill ach gann, Tillidh ruinn Tear-lach Og.

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "Onward" the sail-ors cry;
 Siubh-ail, a bhir - linn, mar eun air an sgeith "Siuthad," a dh'èibh na seòid;

Car-ry the lad that's born to be king Ov - er the sea to Skye.
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

After 4th Verse.

SKYE BOAT SONG.

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
 "Onward" the sailors cry;
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
 Thunderclaps rend the air;
 Baffled our foes stand by the shore,
 Follow they will not dare.
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
 "Onward" the sailors cry;
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
 Ocean's a royal bed.
 Rocked in the deep Flora will keep
 Watch by your weary head.
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
 "Onward" the sailors cry;
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day
 Well the claymore could wield
 When the night came silently lay
 Dead on Culloden's field
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
 "Onward" the sailors cry;
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
 Scatter the loyal men;
 Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath,
 Charlie will come again.
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
 "Onward" the sailors cry;
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye.

IORRAM SGITHEANACH.

Siubhail, a bhirlinn, mar eun air an sgéith,
 "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
 Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Sèideadh gaoth chruaidh, beucadh na stuaidh'
 Tàirneach a' sguabadh neòil;
 Nàmhaid fo ghruaim sealltuinn thar chuan,
 Gealtach thug suas an tòir.
 Siubhail, a bhirlinn, mar eun air an sgéith,
 "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
 Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Sèimh tha do shuain dh'aindeoin guth stuadh
 'S rìoghail do chluan fo shèol;
 Ainnir nam buadh tàladh a luaidh,
 Faire do chuailein òir.
 Siubhail, a bhirlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
 "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
 Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

'S ioma fear treun chaidh anns an streup
 Claidheamh air' ghleus gu lèon;
 Fhuaradh a chré aig ciaradh gréin,
 Sìnt air Cuil-lodair reòt.
 Siubhail, a bhirlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
 "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
 Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Dachaidhean fàs, faondradh is bàs,
 Sgaoilte na sàir bu tèom';
 Muin fùaraich lann 's an truaill ach gann
 Tillidh ruinn Tearlach Og.
 Siubhail, a bhirlinn, mar eun air an sgéith
 "Siuthad," a dh'éibh na seòid;
 Giulain an laoch bu chòir bhi 'na rìgh
 Thairis gu Tìr a' Cheò.

Gaelic Translation by

NEIL SHAW.

(only authorised translation)

Harold Boulton.

No. 11. Herding Song.

Words by

JAN. L. LAWSON.
(Mrs. Malcolm Lawson.)

Old Highland Air Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 60.

Voice.

mp

1. Twi - light is fall - ing o'er bon - nie Loch Le - ven, Hill - tops are glow - ing in
2. Oh! For a sight of my bon - nie Loch Le - ven, Oh! For one hour on the

sun - set red; Through the dim val - ley a las - sie comes lilt - ing,
 heath - ery brae; Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my dar - ling,

Call - ing her cows to come home to the shed.
 Call - ing her cat - tle at close of the day.

rit. *mf* REFRAIN. "Come, come hi - ther,

dark-ness is fall - ing, Sha - dows ga - ther round the ben; Come my dea - ries,

pp *cresc.*

come to my call - ing, Home to the sheil - ing in — the glen."

mf *p* *D.C. for Verse 2.*

p

3. Sad is my heart, and my limbs are a - wea - ry,

Far is my home o'er the great roll - ing sea; Years have gone by since I

rit. *p.* *rit.* *p.*

left my ain dear - ie, But still in the twilight her song comes to me;

REFRAIN.

pp

"Come, come hi - ther, dark - ness is fall - ing,

Sha - dows gath - er round the ben; Come my dear - ies,

come to my call - ing, Home to the sheil - ling

in the glen."

HERDING SONG.

Twilight is falling on bonnie Loch Leven,
Hill-tops are glowing in sunset red;
Through the dim valley a lassie comes liltin',
Calling her cows to come home to the shed.

"Come, come hither, darkness is falling,"

"Shadows gather round the ben;"

"Come, my dearies, come to my calling,"

"Home to the sheiling in the glen."

Oh! For a sight of my bonnie Loch Leven,
Oh! For one hour on the heathery brae;
Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my darling,
Calling her cattle at close of day!

"Come, come hither," &c.

Sad is my heart, and my limbs are weary,
Far is my home o'er the great rolling sea;
Years have gone by since I left my ain dearie,
But still in the twilight her song comes to me.

"Come, come hither,"

Jan L. Lawson.

(MRS MALCOLM LAWSON.)

ORAU NA BUACHAILLEACHD.

(The Herding Song.)

Thán duibhre a tuiteam air maise Loch-Liobhainn;
Dearg-ghrian a laiohe 'sa lasadh nam barr.
Troimh au ghleann dhoilleir tha ceilear mo chailinn,
'Gairm a' chruidh dhachaidh gu fasgadh nan crà.

Thig, thig thugam, tha'n dorch a tighinn;

Sgàilean a tional thar nam beann:

Thigibh m'eudail: thigibh air m'ailghios

Dhachaidh do'n àiridh anns a' ghleann.

O, air son sealladh de naise Loch-Liobhainn!
Uair de thoilinntinn a fhrithean glan fraoich!
O, air son eisdeachd ri binn-ghuth na h-ainnir
Deireadh au latha 'gairm dhachaidh 'chruidh-laoigh!

Toom tha mo chridhe's mi sgith is fo airsneul,
Fada bhom' dhachaidh thar astar mor-chuan:
Bliadhnachan maireann o'n dh'fhàg mi mo chagar,
Ach feasgar thig fhathact a h-ealaidh gum' chluais-

Thig, thig thugam, tha'n dorch a tighinn:

Sgailean a tional thar nam beann:

Thigibh m'eudail: thigibh air m'ailghios

Dhachaidh do'n àiridh anns a' ghleann.

*By the Rev^d
Hector Cameron.*

No. 12. The Bonnie House of Airlie.

Traditional Air

* WORDS TRADITIONAL.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In moderate time.

Voice. It fell on a day, a bon-nie-simmer day, When the

Piano. *p*

corn grew green and yare-ly, That there fell out a great dispute Be-

-tween Ar-gyle and Ari-lie, That there fell out a great dispute Be-

-tween Ar-gyle and Air-lie. *mf* Ar-gyle he has ta'en a

f *mf*

* The events commemorated in this song took place at the end of the 16th century. The "Charlie" mentioned was either Charles II or "Prince Charlie" dragged into the song by a later hand.

hundred o' his men, A hun - dred men and mair - ly, And he's a - wa' on

yon green shaw To plunder the bonniehouse o' Air - liē, And he's a - wa' on

ff

yon green shaw To— plunder the bonniehouse o' Air - lie. *p*

3. The
5. But

la - dy look'd over the hie— castle wa', And oh! but— she sigh'd sair - ly, When she
since we can haud— out— nae mair, My hand I— of - fer— fair - ly Oh!

saw Ar - gyle and a'— his men Come to plun - der the bonnie house o' Air - lie. When she
lead me - down to yon - der glen That I may na see the burn - in o' Air - lie. Oh!

saw Ar - gyle and a'— his men Come to plun - der the bonnie house o' Air - lie. 4. Had
lead me down to yon - der glen That I may na see the burn - in o' Air - lie. 6. He's

my ain - lord been at - his hame, But he's a - wa' wi' Char - lie, There's
ta'en her - by the tremb - ling hand, But he's no ta'en her fair - ly, For he

no - a Campbell in a'— Argyle Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Air - lie. There's
led - her up to a hie - hill tap Where she saw the burn - in o' Air - lie. For he

no a Campbell in a'— Ar.gyle Dare ha'e trod on the bonnie green o' Air.lie. But Air.lie,
led her up to a hie— hill tap Wher she saw the burn—in' o' Air.lie.

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a melody for the first ending, marked '1.', and a second ending marked '2.' with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with eighth-note patterns and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord of the piano part.

Clouds o'— smoke, and flames sae hie, Soon left the wa's but bare—ly; And she

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody with a 'p' dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a more active right-hand part with sixteenth-note runs and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord of the piano part.

laid her down on that hill— to dee, Whenshe saw the burn—in' o' Air—lie. And she

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand part with eighth-note patterns and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord of the piano part.

laid her down on that hill to dee, Whenshe saw the burn—in' o' Air.lie.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes the melody. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand part with eighth-note patterns and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord of the piano part, which is marked 'rall - - -' (rallentando).

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE.



It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer day,
 When the corn grew green and yarely.
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hundred o' his men,
 A hundred men and mairly.
 And he's awa' on yon green shaw
 To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady looked ower the hie castle wa',
 And oh! But she sighed sairly,
 When she saw Argyle and a' his men,
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
 "Come down and kiss me fairly,"
 "Or before the mornin's clear daylight"
 "I'll leave no a standin' stane in Airlie."

"I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,"
 "I wadna kiss thee fairly,"
 "I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
 "Gin ye should'na leave a standin' stane in Airlie."

"Had my ain lord been at his hame,"
 "But he's awa' wi' Charlie,"
 "There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle,"
 "Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie."

"But since we can haud out nae mair,"
 "My hand I offer fairly,"
 "Oh! Lead me down to yonder glen,"
 "That I may see the burnin' o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand,
 But he's no ta'en her fairly,
 For he led her up to a hie hill tap
 Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie,
 Soon left the wa's but barely;
 And she laid her down on that hill to dee
 When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Traditional.

No. 13. The Castle of Dromore.

(IRISH LULLABY.)

English words by HAROLD BOULTON.

Irish translation by DR DOUGLAS HYDE.

Old Irish Air.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante. *p*

Voice. *p*

Piano. *p*

Oc - to - ber winds la -
 - ment a - round the Cas - tle of Dro - more, — But peace is in her
 lof - ty halls, * Mo páis - te veg as - thore; — Though au - tumn leaves may
 My - dear - est trea - sure store; —

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The voice part has lyrics in English and Irish. The piano part provides accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

* Literally, 'Little child, my treasure'

From the Songs of the Four Nations by arrangement.

J. B. C. & Co. 12950.

droop and die, A bud of Spring are you; Sing— hush_a_by lull_a_

p

_loo lo lan, Sing hush_a_by lull_a_ loo. Bring

p

pp

p

no ill will to hin_der us, My help_less babe and me, — Dread

spi_rits of the Black_wa_ter, Clan *Eo ghan's wild ban_shee, — For

Ho - ly Ma - ry, pi - ty - ing us, in heav'n for grace doth

p sue; Sing, hush - a - by lull - a - loo lo lan, Sing hush - a - by lull - a -

- loo. — *mf* Take time to thrive, my

rose of hope, in the gar - den of Dro - more; Take

heed, young eag - let till your wings have fea - thers fit to

soar. A lit - tle rest, and then the world is full of work to

do, Sing - hush_a_by lul - la - loo lo lan, Sing hush_a_by lul - la -

- loo. -

Red.

THE CASTLE OF DROMORE. (IRISH LULLABY.)

October winds lament around the Castle of Dromore,
But peace is in her lofty halls, mo paiste veg asthore;*
Though autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring are you—
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

Bring no ill-will to hinder us— my helpless babe and me,
Dread spirits of the Blackwater, Clan Eoghan's wild banshee;
For Holy Mary, pitying us, in heaven for grace doth sue—
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the garden of Dromore;
Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit to soar.
A little rest, and then the world is full of work to do—
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

Harold Boulton.

* Literally, Little child, my treasure."



CAISLEÁN AN DROMA-MHOIR.

Tá gaotha an gheimhridh sgallta fuar, thart thimchioll an Drom'-mhóir,
Acht ann sna alla ta siothchán, mo phaisde beag astor,
Ta gach sean-duilleog dul air crith, acht is óg an beannnglan thu,
Seinnfimid lóithín ló ló lan, lóithín a's lul la lú.

Nár thig aon droch-rud idir mé's mo naoidheanán gan bhrón,
Nár thig aon tais ó'n Abhainn Mhóir na Bean-sidhe Chloinne Eoghain,
Ta Muire Máthair ós ár g-cion ag iarradh grása duinn;
Seinnfimid lóithín ló ló lán, lóithín a's lul la lú.

A Róis mo chroíde, a Slaithín ur a's gharrda an Drom'-mhóir,
Bí ag fas go mbeidh gach cleite beag mar sgiathán iolair mhóir,
Agus léim ann sin air fad an t-saoghail, oibrigh a's saothraigh clu;
Seinnfimid lóithín ló ló lan, lóithín a's lul la lú.

Translation by Dr Douglas Hyde.

No. 14. The Harp that once.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.
1779 — 1852.

OLD IRISH MELODY.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In Moderate time.

Voice.

The harp that once through
No more to chiefs and

Piano.

p

sempre arpeggio.

Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic — shed, Now
la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra — swells; The

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
chord, a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in

p
fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So
tells. Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To

1. feel that pulse no more.
show that still she lives.

2.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore.
1779 — 1852.

N^o 15. Robin Adair.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.
* 1759—1796.

OLD IRISH MELODY.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice. *p*

What's this dull
What made th'as -
But now thou'rt

Piano. *mf*

town to me? Ro - bin's not near.
sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - - dair.
cold to me, Ro - bin A - - dair.

* It is noteworthy that Burns, who acknowledged this tune to be Irish, wrote the poem without a word of his usual Scots vernacular.

What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to hear?
 What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there.
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair.

Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? Oh, it — was
 Yet he I lov'd so well Still in my heart shall dwell. Oh, I — can

fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair. _____
 part ing with Ro - bin A - dair. _____
 ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - - - - - dair. _____

1 & 2. 3.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
 Robin's not near.
 What was't I wish'd to see?
 What wish'd to hear?
 Where's all the joy and mirth,
 Made this town heav'n on earth?
 Oh, they're all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair.

What made th'assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there.
 What, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh, it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me
 Robin Adair.
 But now thou'rt cold to me
 Robin Adair.
 Yet he I lov'd so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell.
 Oh, I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

Robert Burns.
 1759—1796.

No. 16. Let Erin Remember.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779 — 1852.

OLD IRISH TUNE "THE LITTLE RED FOX."

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In slow March time.

Voice.



Let E - rin re - mem - ber the
On Lough Neagh's bank as the

Piano.



days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - trayed her; When
fish - er - man strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing, He



Ma - la - chi wore the - col - lar of gold Which he won from her proud in -
sees the round tow'rs of - o - ther days In the wave be - neath him

più f

va - der; When her kings, with stan - dard of green un - furl'd Led the
shin - ing; Thus shall mem - 'ry of - ten, in dreams sub - lime, Catch a

Red Branch knights to dan - ger; Ere the em' - rald gem of the
glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus, sigh - ing, look through the

West - ern world Was set in the crown of a strang - er.
waves of time For the long fa - ded glor - ies they co - ver.

rall. *rall.*

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the ^{l.}collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the em'rald gem of the Western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round tow'rs of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall mem'ry often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

Thomas Moore.
1779—1852.

No. 17. March of the Men of Harlech.

61

Welsh words by Ceiriog Hughes (19th Century.)

English Translation by HAROLD BOULTON.

(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

Traditional AIR

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In march time, but not too fast.

Voice

Piano

f

See the watch-fire war de-clar-ing,

Tongues of flame the summons flar-ing; "Come ye brave, for deeds of daring Once a-gain u-

nite." Shouts of princes, knights and bowmen, Shouts flung back by gath'ring foemen,

Clatter of steeds and armèd yeomen Ring from height to height.

Ar - fon conquer'd never, Hails our gréat en-deavour; Wales once more, like

Wales of yore 'Mid na - tions fam'd for ev - er! By yon fire a hero lying

Bids the brave take heart, though dy - ing, Free - dom through his lips is cry - ing

f "Rally to the fight."

f
Strangers nev - er shall en - slave us; Har - lech! Har - lech! Rise and save us!

God, who first our freedom gave us, Is our strength and stay.

rather faster.

rather faster.

cresc.
Cam - bria's might in ser - ried mas - ses, Pouring down her mountain pass - es,

cresc.

8va bassa.....

Like a head - long tor - rent crash - es, Leaping on its way!

8va bassa..... *loco*

ff

Vic - to - ry to Britain! Let th'in - va - der smitten

ff

Learn too well the tale to tell How Brit - ish swords have bitten.

Blow for blow is brave - ly giv - en, Steel is struck on steel and ri - ven;

Cam - bria's flag is rais'd to Hea - ven, Freedom wins the day!

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

See the watch-fire war declaring,
Tongues of flame the summons flaring;
"Come ye brave, for deeds of daring
Once again unite."
Shouts of princes, knights and bowmen,
Shouts flung back by gathering foemen,
Clatter of steeds and armed yeomen
Ring from height to height.
Arfon, conquered never,
Hails our great endeavour,
Wales once more like Wales of yore
'Mid nations famed for ever.
By yon fire a hero lying
Bids the brave take heart though dying;
Freedom through his lips is crying
"Rally to the fight."

Strangers never shall enslave us!
Harlech! Harlech! Rise and save us!
God, who first our freedom gave us,
Is our strength and stay.
Cambria's might in serried masses
Pouring down her mountain passes
Like a headlong torrent crashes,
Leaping on its way!
Victory to Britain!
Let the invader smitten
Learn too well the tale to tell
How British swords have bitten.
Blow for blow is bravely given,
Steel is struck on steel and riven,
Cambria's flag is raised to Heaven
Freedom wins the day.

Translated by Harold Boulton.

(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH.

Wele goelcerth wen yn fflamio
A thafodau tan yn bloeddio
Ar i'r dewrion ddod i daro
Unwaith eto'n un.
Gan fanllefau tywysogion,
Llais gelynion, trwst arfogion,
A charlamiad y marchogion,
Craig ar graig a gryn.
Arfon byth ni orfydd,
Cenir yn dragywydd
"Cymru fydd fel Cymru fu
Yn glodus ym mysg gwledydd."
Yngngwyn oleuni'r goelcerth acw
Tros wefusau Cymro'n marw
Annibyniaeth sydd yn galw
Am ei dewraf dyn.

Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid:
Harlech! Harlech! cwyd i'w herlid!
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein rhyddid
Yn rhoi nerth i ni.
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddoedd,
Rhuthrant fel rhaeadrau dyfroedd,
Llamant fel y lli.
Llwyddiant i'n lluyddion
Rwystro bar yr estron,
Gwybod yn ei galon gaiff
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython.
Y cledd yn erbyn cledd a chwery,
Dur yr erbyn dur a dery,
Wele faner Gwalia i fyny,
Rhyddid aiff â hi!

Ceiriog Hughes.

No. 18. All Through the Night.

(AR HYD Y NOS.)

English Words by HAROLD BOULTON.

Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.

Welsh simile by G. M. PROBERT.

Old Welsh Air arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p

Sleep my love and peace attend thee, *All through the night;*

Guard-ian ang-els God will lend thee, *All through the night.*

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and dale in slum-ber steep-ing,

p

Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing, All through the night.

p Though I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All through the night.

p *simile*

My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All through the night;

Love's young dream, a - las, is o - ver; Yet my strains of love shall ho - ver

Near the pre - sence of my lov - er, All through the night.

pp
Hark! A so - lemn bell is ring - ing, Clear through the

pp *sempre legato*

night; Thou, my love, art heaven - ward wing - ing,

Home through the night; Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,

Soul im - mort - al thou shalt wak - en, With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en,

Home through the night. —————

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Sleep my love and peace attend thee,
All through the night;
 Guardian angels God will lend thee,
All through the night;
 Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
 Hill and dale in slumber steeping,
 Love alone his watch is keeping—
All through the night.

Though I roam, a minstrel lonely,
All through the night;
 My true harp shall praise thee only,
All through the night;
 Love's young dream, alas, is over,
 Yet my strains of love shall hover
 Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.

Hark! A solemn bell is ringing,
Clear through the night;
 Thou my love art heavenward winging,
Home through the night;
 Earthly dust from off the shaken,
 Soul immortal thou shalt waken,
 With thy last dim journey taken
Home through the night.

Harold Boulton.
 (Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

AR HYD Y NÔS.

Cwsg fy mŷn, a hedd fo'th weinydd,
Ar hyd y nos.
 Engyl wyliant dy obenydd,
Ar hyd y nos.
 Tra y treigla'r oriau meithion
 Tra yr hepia natur weithion,
 Serch sy'n effro a'i obeithion,
Ar hyd y nos.

Er im' grwydro fel un anghall,
Ar hyd y nos.
 Ni wnai'm telyn foli arall,
Ar hyd y nos.
 Serch fu'n llunio llawen fwriad;
 Treulio oriau gyda'i gariad,
 Ond nid dyna fu fy mhrofiad
Ar hyd y nos.

Clywch! mae cloch yn trymaidd seinio,
Drwy'r ddistaw nos;
 Fry mae'm cariad wedi hwylio,
Drwy'r dywell nos;
 Ond 'rol ysgwyd llwch daearol
 Oddiwrthyt, O anfarwol!
 Gorphwys gei ar serch tragwyddol,
Mewn nef heb nos.

Translation by G. M. Probert.

No. 19. Mentra Gwen.

(VENTURE GWEN.)

English Poem by
HAROLD BOULTON.
(*Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydaiu*)

Welsh Translation by
CARADAR.

Old Welsh Air
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Lightly.

Voice.

Piano.

p

1. Take
2. We
3. I've a

hands a _ cross the stream, Pret_ty Gwen, dain - ty Gwen. Well
all should seize our chance, Pret_ty Gwen, dain - ty Gwen. Dol -
horse, a cow, a pig, And a cock and a hen, A

jump from stone to stone and I'll say when. I'll lift you o'er the
 _gel_lys full of wo _ men more than men. That girl I could have
 goat and sev'ral sheep in _ side a pen. — Al _ though my farm is

mf

wa _ ter Though you're a rich man's daughter, And I'm a pet _ ty
 kiss'd with Rosebud lips at Ab _ er - ystwyth! But I knew your lips were
 lit _ tle, My heart is large and brit _ tle, Oh! take it, do not

farm _ er, Men _ tra Gwen, Men _ tra Gwen.
 soft _ er Men _ tra Gwen, Men _ tra Gwen.
 break it, Men _ tra Gwen, Men _ tra Gwen.
 (Ven _ ture) (Ven _ ture)

1. & 2. 3.

MENTRA GWEN.

(VENTURE GWEN.)

Take hands to cross the stream
 Pretty Gwen, dainty Gwen.
 We'll jump from stone to stone and I'll say when.
 I'll lift you o'er the water
 Though you're a rich man's daughter
 And I'm a petty farmer
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.
(Venture)

We all should seize our chance
 Pretty Gwen, dainty Gwen,
 Dolgelly's full of women more than men.
 That girl I could have kissed with
 Rosebud lips at Aberystwyth!
 But I knew your lips were softer
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.
(Venture)

I've a horse, a cow, a pig,
 And a cock and a hen,
 A goat and several sheep inside a pen—
 Although my farm is little
 My heart is large and brittle
 Oh! Take it, do not break it,
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.
(Venture)

*Harold Boulton.**(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain)*

MENTRA GWEN.

Dy law wrth groesir nant
 Dyro, Wen, swynol Wen,
 Dywedaf pryd i neidio pob carreg wen:
 Mi'th godaf dros y ffrydli
 Er merch gyfoethog wyt-ti
 A minnau'n ffenmwr bychan,
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.

Manteisio ar ein siawns
 Ddylem, Wen, swynol Wen,
 Mae Dolgellau'n llawn o wragedd hyd y nen!
 Mi roiswn gusan esmwyth
 I'r fun yn Aberystwyth
 Oni wyddwn flas dy wefus,
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.

Mae mochyn, ceffyl, buwch
 A cheiliog Wen, gen i, Wen;
 Ac iar a gafr ac ambell ddafad wen:
 Mae gen i fferm gysurus,
 A chalon fawr— ond bregus,
 Ac felly paid â'i thorri,
 Mentra Gwen, Mentra Gwen.

Translation by Caradar.

No. 20. O Canada.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

AIR by
C. LAVALLÉE. (1880)
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

ff

Voice

O Can - a - da! The home-land we a -
All hail to you, brave gen - tle-men of
Giants of the West, our cloud-capp'd mountains
O Can - a - da! What must thy fu - ture

Piano.

ff > > > >

mf

- dore, God give us grace to love thee more and more! From our
France! First, cross in hand, your banners to ad - vance; Till the
stand, Whose fruit - ful flanks toward sun - lit seas ex - pand; Oh! the
hold, When those to come thy scroll of fate un - fold? Give a

mf

East - ern sea to our West - ern sea, From the Bor - der to the
is - land breed out of Brit - ain came To a - chieve that glor - ious
ripe wheat crown - ing the prair - ie farms Is a glow - ing au - re -
wel - come warm to thy sons to be, Who — in those ranks en -

Pole, How — won - der - ful in — ma - jes - ty The
goal; And — now we know one — flag, one name, And
- ole. Our — for - ests vast reach — out their arms, Where
- rol, Where loy - al - ty and — lib - er - ty Ten

realm thy sons — con - trol!
one har - mon - ious — whole,
migh - ty wa - ters — roll;
thou - sand miles — pa - trol.

We stand for thee, Faith - ful, and free
 One broth - er band linked hand in hand
 We feel their call, We love them all
 Strong may they be, faith - ful and free

What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er their birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.

ff
 What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 What e'er their birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.

O CANADA.

Air by C. LAVALLÉE. (1880)

Arranged for 4 Voices by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Words by HAROLD BOULTON.

ff

O Can - a - da! The home-land we a - dore,
 All hail to you, — brave gen - tle - men of France!
 Giants of the West, our cloud capp'd mountains stand,
 O Can - a - da! What must thy fu - ture hold,

God give us grace to love thee more and more!
 First, cross in hand, your ban - ners to ad - vance;
 Whose fruit - ful flanks toward sun - lit seas ex - pand;
 When those to come thy scroll of fate un - fold?

From our East - ern sea to our
 Till the is - land breed out of
 Oh! the ripe wheat crowning the
 Give a wel - come warm to thy

West - ern sea, From the Brit - ain came To a - chieve that glo - rious
 prair - ie farms Is a glow - ing au - re - ole. Our
 sons to be, Who in those ranks en - rol, Where
 won - der - ful in ma - jes - ty The
 now we know one flag, one name, And
 for - ests vast reach out their arms Where
 loy - al - ty and lib - er - ty Ten

ff

realm thy sons con - trol! We stand for thee, Faith - ful and free, What e'er our
 one har - mon - ious whole, One broth - er band, linked hand in hand, What e'er our
 migh - ty wa - ters roll; We feel their call, we love them all, What e'er our
 thou - sand miles pa - trol. Strong may they be, faith - ful and free, What e'er their

birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul. What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul. What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul. What e'er our birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.
 birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul. What e'er their birth, Can - a - dians heart and soul.

O CANADA.

O Canada! The homeland we adore,
 God give us grace to love thee more and more!
 From our Eastern sea to our Western sea,
 From the Border to the Pole,
 How wonderful in majesty
 The realm thy sons control!
 We stand for thee, faithful and free,
 What e'er our birth, Canadians heart and soul.

All hail to you, brave gentlemen of France!
 First, cross in hand, your banners to advance;
 Till the island breed out of Britain came
 To achieve that glorious goal.
 And now we know one flag, one name,
 And one harmonious whole,
 One brother band linked hand in hand
 What e'er our birth, Canadians heart and soul.

Giants of the West, our cloud-capped mountains stand,
 Whose fruitful flanks toward sunlit seas expand;
 Oh! The ripe wheat crowning the prairie farms
 Is a glowing aureole,
 Our forests vast reach out their arms.
 Where mighty waters roll;
 We feel their call, we love them all,
 What e'er our birth, Canadians heart and soul.

O Canada! What must thy future hold,
 When those to come thy scroll of fate unfold?
 Give a welcome warm to thy sons to be,
 Who in those ranks enrol,
 Where loyalty and liberty
 Ten thousand miles patrol.
 Strong may they be, faithful and free.
 What e'er their birth, Canadians heart and soul.

Harold Boulton.

SONGS OF THE FOUR NATIONS.

Edited by HAROLD BOULTON.

Music arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

English.

AIR.

1. YE MAJINERS OF ENGLAND ... By Dr. Calcott.
(Thomas Campbell.)
2. THOU WILT NOT GO AND LEAVE ME HERE ... Thou wilt not go and leave me here.
(Unknown.)
3. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN ... When the King enjoys his own again.
(Harold Boulton.)
4. CUPID'S GARDEN Cupid's Garden.
(Unknown.)
5. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND ... My Lodging it is on the cold ground.
(Unknown.)
6. OLD TOWLER Old Towler.
(Unknown.)
7. FLOODS OF TEARS Floods of Tears.
(Unknown.)
8. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER Pretty Polly Oliver.
(Harold Boulton.)
9. THREE RAVENS (THE) The Three Ravens.
(Unknown.)
10. HAPPY FARMER (THE) The Happy Clown.
(Harold Boulton.)

Cornish.

11. WHERE BE GOING? Where be going.
(Unknown.)

Scottish.

12. DOWN IN YON BANK Doune in yon banke.
(Harold Boulton.)
13. HERE'S TO THY HEALTH LAGGAN BURN.
(Robert Burns.)
14. OH! SHE'S BONNIE! Gently blaw ye Eastren breezes.
(Unknown.)
15. BLINK OVER THE BURN Blink over the Burn.
(Robert Allan.)
- 16*. SCOTS WHA HAE Hey Tuttle Taitie.
(Robert Burns.)
17. MARY JAMIESON Mary Jamieson.
(Unknown.)
18. TWINE THE PLAIDEN Twine the Plaiden.
(Unknown.)
19. WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN? ... Will ye no come back agn'n?
(Lady Nairne.)
20. IN YON GARDEN In yon garden.
(Unknown.)
21. WERE NA MY HEART LICHT ... Wete na my heart licht.
(Lady Grisell Bailie.)

Highland.

22. ISLE OF THE HEATHER (THE) ... The Isle of the Heather.
(Gaelic—M. Macleod. English translation—Harold Boulton.)
23. THE MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT ... The Mackintosh's Lament.
(Gaelic—Unknown. English translation—Harold Boulton.)

Welsh.

AIR.

24. OPENING OF THE KEY (THE) ... The Opening of the Key.
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
25. SLENDER BOY (THE) The Slender Boy.
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
26. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT ... All through the Nigh
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
27. DIMPLED CHEEK (THE) The Dimpled Cheek.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
28. BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON ... By the Waters of Babylon.
(English, Psalm cxxxvii. adapted by Arthur Somervell.
Welsh paraphrase—G. M. Probert.)
29. GWENLLIAN Gwenllian.
(Welsh—Nicholas Bennett. English translation—Harold Boulton.)
30. JENNY'S MANTLE Jenny's Mantle.
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
31. GWILYM AND ELLEN Gwilym and Ellen.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
32. MISTLETOE (THE) The Woodbunch.
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
- 33*. MELODY OF MAY (THE) ... The Melody of May
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)
34. DREAM OF LITTLE RHYS ... The Dream of Little Rhys.
(Welsh—Rev. Owen Davies (Eos Iechyd).
English translation—Harold Boulton.)
35. ASH GROVE (THE) The Ash Grove.
(English—Harold Boulton. Welsh simile—G. M. Probert.)

Manx.

36. MYLE CHARAINE Myle Charaine.
(Manx—Unknown. English adaptation—Harold Boulton.)

Irish.

37. WHEN IN DEATH The Bard's Legacy.
(English—Thomas Moore. Irish translation—Archbishop MacHale.)
38. GENTLE MAIDEN (THE) The Gentle Maiden.
(English—Harold Boulton. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
- 39*. KITTY MAGEE Kitty Magee.
(English—F. A. Fahy.)
40. SHULE AGRA Shule Agra.
(English—A. P. Graves. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
41. CASTLE OF DROMORE (THE) ... My Wife is Sick.
(English—Harold Boulton. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
42. SNOWY-BREADED PEARL (THE) ... The Snowy-breasted Pearl.
(Irish—Unknown. English—Dr. Petrie.)
43. WILD HILLS OF CLARE (THE) ... Lament of William McPeter.
(English—F. A. Fahy. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
44. LITTLE MARY CASSIDY The little Stack of Barley.
(English—F. A. Fahy.)
45. GAOL OF CLONMEL (THE) ... Gaol of Clonmel.
(English—F. A. Fahy. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
46. DRIMIN DHU Drimin Dhu.
(English—F. A. Fahy. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
47. BARNEY BRALLAGHAN Barney Brallaghan.
(English—A. P. Graves.)
48. TREE IN THE WOOD (THE) ... The Tree in the Wood.
(English—Harold Boulton. Irish translation—Dr. Douglas Hyde.)
49. KATHLEEN NI HOOLHAUN ... Kathleen ni Hoolhaun.
(Irish—William Heffernan. English adaptation—F. A. Fahy.)
50. YELLOW BOREEN (THE) The Yellow Boreen.
(Irish—Unknown. English translation—Dr. Petrie.)

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THE PRAISE OF ISLAY
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MY DARK-HAIRED MAID
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THE DISDAINFUL POET (ROB DONN)
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CORONACH
GIE ME GOUN ROOM (I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TREW)
THE WREN
SIR PATRICK SPENS
AIKEN DRUM
O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE
O BOTHWELL BANK
OSCAR (DEATH SONG)

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Our National Songs

Collected and Arranged

by

SIR HAROLD BOULTON, Bart., c.v.o.

and

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Volume II.

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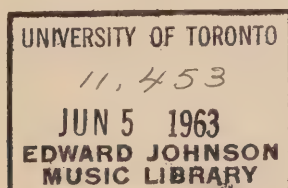
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MADE IN ENGLAND



OUR NATIONAL SONGS

(PREFACE)

THE countries comprised in the British Isles are pre-eminently rich in the beauty and variety of their national songs, and the Overseas Empire is already adding its quota.

The store available is continually growing, not only from new discoveries and new handlings of old material, but from the mellowing of new vintages into old. Brands that were new a century ago or even less become standard vintages. To take two instances:—the words of “Killarney” were written by Falconer and the music by Balfe. The latter died in 1870; the French words of “O Canada” were written by Judge Routhier and the music by Lavalee in 1880. Both these songs, like the songs of Dibdin, who died in 1814, have now become classic.

It would appear that the taste, both musically and literary, as to the form in which the public likes its national song presented to it, is continually altering and developing. The arrangements of early nineteenth century musicians are not so acceptable in the 20th century as they originally were. The lyrics of Moore, and even in some instances of Burns, begin to vanish from the melodies to which they were originally harnessed, to be replaced by others. In the latter case some of the poems of Burns written in the Lowland Scots language have, though beautiful in themselves, been divorced by purists from old Highland Melodies in favour of lyrics of Gaelic origin or Highland complexion.

But the good old melodies flow on, sonorous in their majesty or bewitching in their artless simplicity and charm, and, unless decay in patriotism or literary and musical taste reaches undreamed of depths of degradation, each decade will welcome successive attempts to display the old treasures in a suitable form.

Whoever misses some favourite melody from this collection must know that if it does not appear it is probably because a limit having been set to the number of songs in the volumes some lesser known melody has been inserted which in the opinion of the editors was worthy of inclusion.

The sole object of these volumes is to put into the hands of both old and young for their delectation some portion of our great national heritage of song.

HAROLD BOULTON.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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At the Mid-Hour of Night
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WELSH

The Opening of the Key
The Land of my Fathers
The Rising of the Lark

SOUTH AFRICAN

The Natal Voortrekker's Song

A Special Edition for Schools and Classes, Melodies and Words complete, Price 1/- net

No. 1. Gabriel's Salutation.

(An Old Carol.)

Words of 1st Verse Traditional.

Verses 2 and 3 by H.B.

OLD MELODY.

(A.D. 1460.)

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Quietly.

Voice.

Piano.

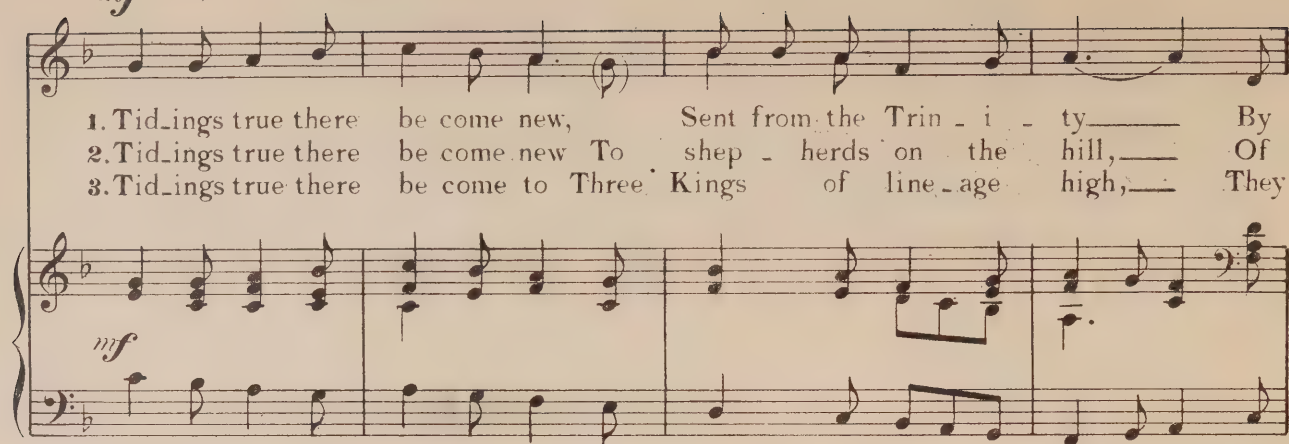
Refrain *p*

No -

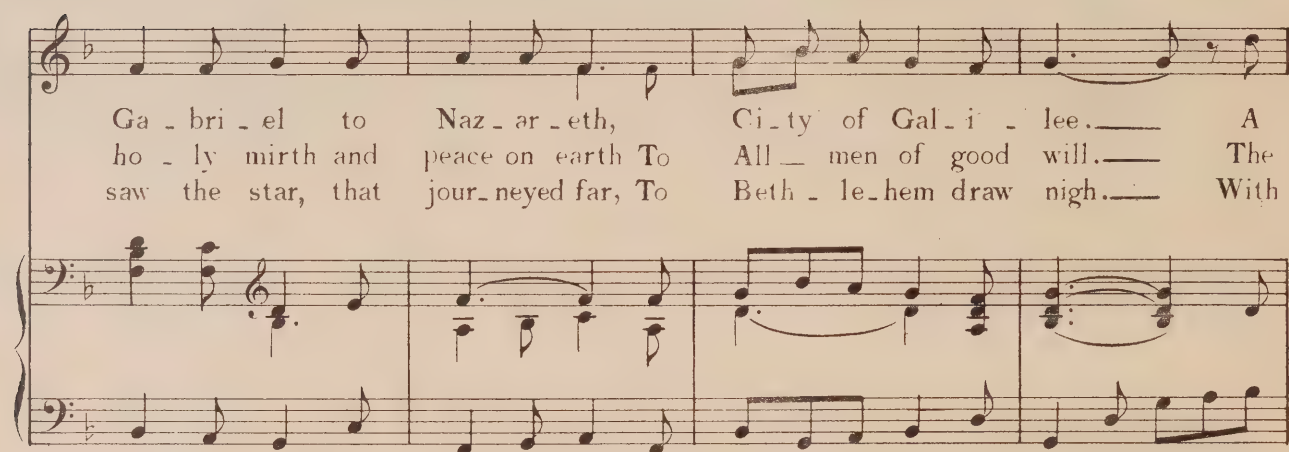
- well, no - well, no - well, no - well, no - well, no - well. — This

is the sa - lu - ta - tion Of the An - gel Ga - bri - el.

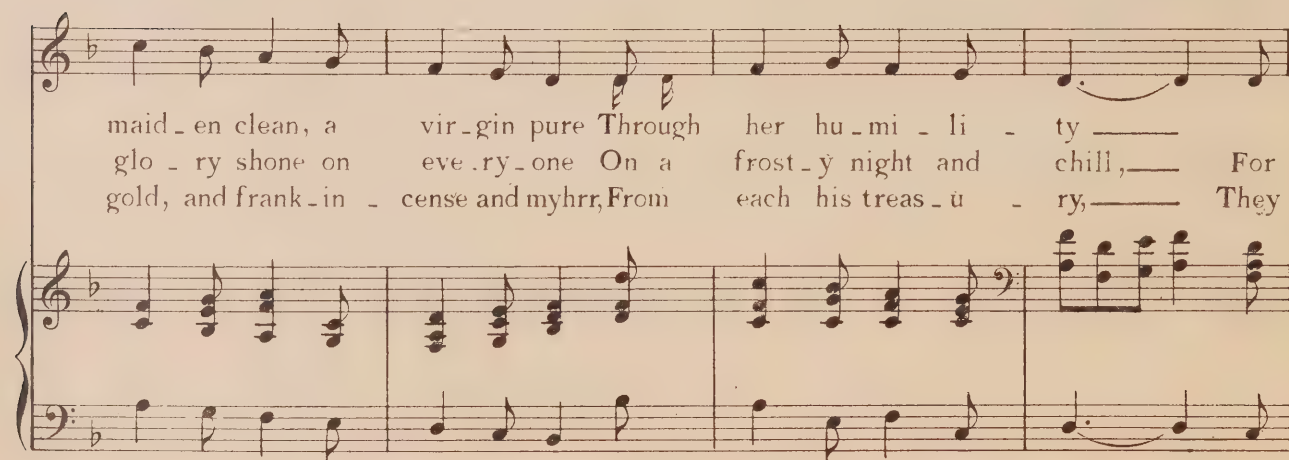
CAROL

mf


1. Tid-ings true there be come new, Sent from the Trin - i - ty ——— By
 2. Tid-ings true there be come new To shep - herds on the hill, ——— Of
 3. Tid-ings true there be come to Three Kings of line-age high, ——— They



Ga - bri - el to Naz - ar - eth, Ci - ty of Gal - i - lee. ——— A
 ho - ly mirth and peace on earth To All — men of good will. ——— The
 saw the star, that jour - neyed far, To Beth - le - hem draw nigh. ——— With



maid - en clean, a vir - gin pure Through her hu - mi - li - ty ———
 glo - ry shone on eve - ry - one On a frost - y night and chill, ——— For
 gold, and frank - in - cense and myhrr, From each his treas - u - ry, ——— They

1st & 2nd

Hath con_cerved the per - son Sec_ond in De - i - ty. No -
 God hath sent his on - ly son His pur_pose to ful - fil. No -
 hom_age pay with - out de_nay; And hum_bly kneel near - by.

3. REFRAIN. *f*

- ly. If Kings of yore the Babe a_dore, Then why not thou and I? No -

- well, no_well, no - well, - no_well, No - well, no_well, no - well. This

rall.

is the sal_u - ta - tion Of the An - gel Ga - bri - el.

GABRIEL'S SALUTATION.

(AN OLD CAROL.)

Refrain.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.
 This is the salutation
 Of the Angel Gabriel.

Carol.

Tidings true there be come new,
 Sent from the Trinity,
 By Gabriel to Nazareth,
 City of Galilee.
 A clean maiden, a pure virgin,
 Through her humility
 Hath conceived the person
 Second in Deity.

Refrain. Nowell etc:*Carol.*

Tidings true there be come new
 To shepherds on the hill,
 Of holy mirth and peace on earth,
 To all men of good will.
 The glory shone on every one,
 On a frosty night and chill,
 For God hath sent His only Son
 His purpose to fulfil.

Refrain. Nowell etc:*Carol.*

Tidings true there be come to
 Three kings of lineage high;
 They saw the star that journeyed far
 To Bethlehem draw nigh.
 With gold and frankincense and myhrr,
 From each his treasury,
 They homage pay without denay,
 And humbly kneel nearby.
 If Kings of yore the Babe adore,
 Then why not thou and I?

Refrain:

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
 This is the salutation
 Of the Angel Gabriel.

No. 2. Gathering Daffodils.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

17th CENTURY TUNE
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

Voice. *mf*

Out in the meadows gay I

Piano. *p*

love to take my way, When March and A-pril meet. Though keen an east wind blows, Pale

wind-flow'r, pert prim-rose Peep forth the world to greet. But

o-ver all—Behold! In their serried ranks of gold, brave daf-fo-dils we view.

Their glo-ry crowns the hills; And I'll go gathering daf-fo-dils, If you'll come gathering too.

mf
Black - birds and thrush-es both To sing are nothing loth In ear-shot of the town.

p

Not yet the cuckoo's call Makes every bird sing small, And, shameless, shouts them down. So

p

necks take shape a - gain. And a - down the wind - ing lane Roam

f

pairs of lov - ers true. All na - ture mates to-day And I'll go marrying when I may, If

f

you'll go marrying too.

GATHERING DAFFODILS.

Out in the meadows gay
 I love to take my way,
 When March and April meet.
 Though keen an east wind blows,
 Pale windflower, pert primrose
 Peep forth the world to greet.
 But over all — Behold!
 In their serried ranks of gold
 Brave daffodils we view.
 Their glory crowns the hills.
 And I'll go gathering daffodils,
 If you'll come gathering too.

Blackbirds and thrushes both
 To sing are nothing loth
 In earshot of the town.
 Not yet the cuckoo's call
 Makes every bird sing small,
 And, shamed, shouts them down.
 So nests take shape again,
 And a-down the winding lane
 Roam pairs of lovers true.
 All nature mates to-day,
 And I'll go marrying when I may,
 If you'll go marrying too.

Harold Boulton.

No. 3. Barney Buntline

or

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

AIR by JOHN FARMER.

(1835-1901.)

* Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Words by WILLIAM PITT.
(died. 1840)

Moderately fast.

Voice.

One night came on a—

Piano.

hur-ri-cane, The sea was mountains roll-ing, When Bar-ney Bunt-line—

slew'd his—quid, And said to Bil-ly Bow-line; "A

* By kind permission of the Editor of the Harrow School Song Book.

strong Nor'west_er's blow_ing, Bill, Hark! Don't you hear it roar now? Lord

p


help 'em, how I pit_ies them Un_hap_py folks on shore now!" One night came on a

f Refrain.

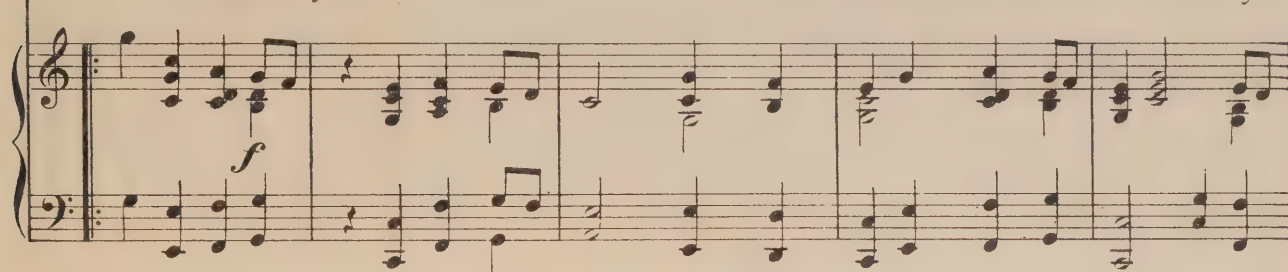
hur_ri_cane, The sea was moun_tains roll_ing, When Bar_ney Bunt_line

slew'd his quid, And spoke to Bil_ly Bow_line.


f



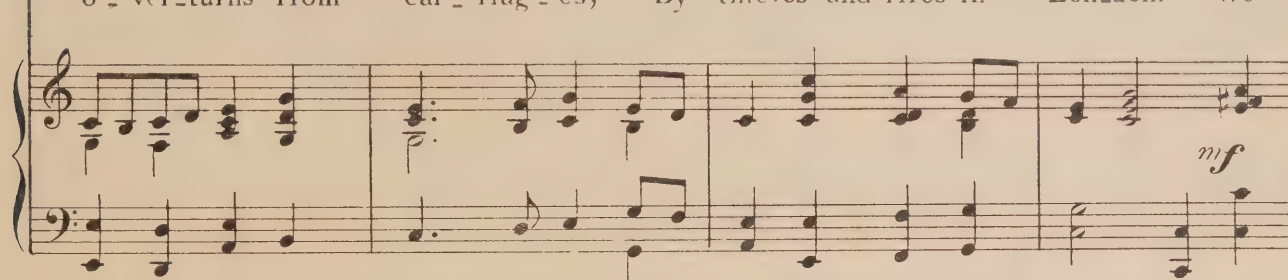
2. Fool-hard-y chaps as— lives in—towns What dan-ger they are all in. And
 3. And as for them that's out all day On business from their houses, And
 4. Both you and I have of—ten heard How men are killed and undone, By




mf



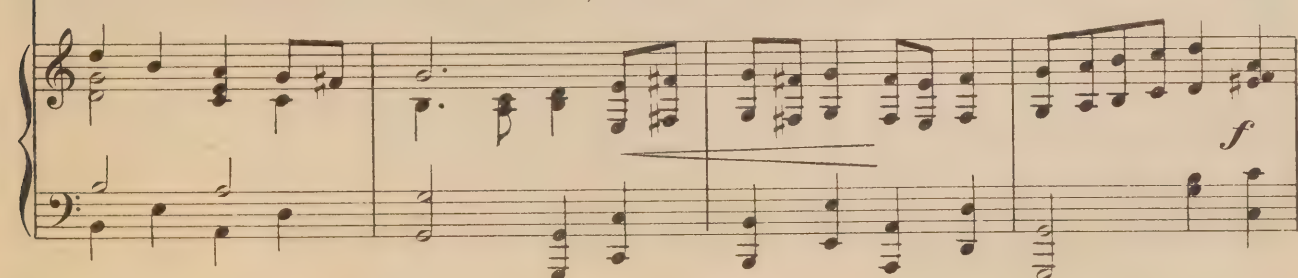
now lie quak-ing— in— their beds For fear the roof should fall in. Poor
 late at night re— turn-ing home To cheer their babes and spouses, While
 o—ver—turns from car—riag—es, By thieves and fires in Lon-don. We



f



crea-tures! How they en—vies us, And wish—es, I've a no—tion, For
 you and I, Bill, on the deck Are com—fort—ab—ly ly—ing, My
 know what risks these lands-men run, From no—ble—men to tai—lors, Then,



our good luck in such a— storm to be up—on the o—cean.
 eyes! What tiles and chim—ney pots A—bout their heads are fly—ing. } One
 Bill, let us thank pro—vi—dence, That you and I are sail—ors. }

night came on a— hur—ri—cane, The sea was moun—tains roll—ing; When

Bar—ney Bunt—line slew'd his quid, And spoke to Bil—ly Bow—line. 1. & 2.

3.
Bow—line.

BARNEY BUNTLINE
or
THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling;
When Barney Buntline slew'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline;
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill.
Hark! Don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

Refrain. One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slew'd his quid,
And spoke to Billy Bowline.

"Foolhardy chaps as lives in towns
What danger they are all in!
And now lie quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! How they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean."

Refrain: One night came on, etc:

"And as for them that's out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! What tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!"

Refrain: One night came on, etc:

"Both you and I have often heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors,
Then, Bill! Let us thank Providence,
That you and I are sailors.

Refrain. One night came on, etc:

William Pitt.
(Died. 1840)

No. 4. My Old Nag Ned.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

OLD AIR
(Probably 16th Century.)
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Quickly. *mf*

Voice.

Piano. *f*

1. Oft have I rid-den my
2. Hunting the fox is the
- * 3. I rode down our vil-lage
4. We broke up a school and a

old nag Ned. But I jerk and I jolt till I feel half dead, Or its
joy of my soul! Old Ned put his foot in the first mole hole; And I'm
and cried Stop! stop! He cantered me in - to a crock - ery shop; It was
wed - ding gay, Stam - ped a fu - ner - al grand to - day; When I

* This Verse may be omitted if it be desired to shorten the song.

out of the sad-dle and on to my head,
down on my mar-row bones hunt-ing the mole, With a fol de rol ol de rol
clat-ter and scat-ter, skip, jump, and hop,
ride to my own I shall walk all the way,

ol de rol i - do. Hey did - dle did - dle and fli-ber-ty jib-er - ty,

Sit him more eas-i - ly, give him his lib-er - ty, Nic-ket - y nac-ket - y

After last Verse.

clie-ket - y clac-ket-y, Some-bo - dy larn me to ride — O! —

MY OLD NAG NED.

Oft have I ridden my old nag Ned,
 But I jerk and I jolt till I feel half dead,
 Or its out of the saddle and on to my head,
 With a fol de rol ol de rol ido.
 Hey diddle diddle and fliberty jiberty,
 Sit him more easily, give him more liberty,
 Nickety nackety clickety clackety,
 Somebody larn me to ride O!

Hunting the fox is the joy of my soul!
 Old Ned puts his foot in the first mole hole
 I'm down on my marrow bones hunting the mole
 With a fol de rol ol de rol ido.
 Hey diddle diddle and fliberty jiberty,
 Sit him more easily, give him more liberty,
 Nickety nackety clickety clackety,
 Somebody larn me to ride O!

I rode down our village and cried Stop! stop!
 He cantered me into a crockery shop;
 It was clatter and scatter and skip, jump, and hop
 With a fol de rol ol de rol ido.
 Hey diddle diddle and fliberty jiberty,
 Sit him more easily, give him more liberty,
 Nickety nackety clickety clackety,
 Somebody larn me to ride O!

We broke up a school and a wedding gay,
 Stampeded a funeral grand to-day,
 When I ride to my own I shall walk all the way,
 With a fol de rol ol de rol ido.
 Hey diddle diddle and fliberty jiberty,
 Sit him more easily, give him more liberty,
 Nickety nackety clickety clackety,
 Somebody larn me to ride O!

Harold Boulton.

No. 5. The King's Hunt is upp!

Words by WILLIAM GRAY
time of
HENRY VIII.
(original spelling.)

EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY AIR.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Lustily. *f*

Voice. *f*

Piano. *f*

The
Be-

hunt is upp— the hunt is upp— And it — is well— nigh day — And
- holde the skyes with gold - en dyes — Are glow - ing all a - round — The

Har - ry our kinge is gone - hunting, To bring - his deere to
gra - sse is greene and so are the treene All laugh - ing at the

bay. sound. The east is bright with morn - ing light And
The hor - ses snort to be at the sport The

dark - ness it is fled And the mer - rie horne wakes
dogges are run - ning free The woddes re - joyce at the

1 & 2. 3.
up - the morne To leave his i - dle bed. bay.
me - rie noise Of hey tan - tar - a tee ree!

THE KING'S HUNT IS UPP.

The hunt is upp, the hunt is upp,
 And it is well nigh day.
 And Harry our kinge is gone hunting;
 To bring his deere to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
 And darkness it is fled;
 And the merie horne wakes upp the morne,
 To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skyes with golden dyes
 Are glowing all around
 The grasse is greene and so are the treene,
 All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport
 The dogges are running free;
 The woddesses rejoyce at the merie noise
 Of hey tantara tee ree!

The sunne is gladde to see us cladde
 All in our lustie greene
 And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye
 To see and to be seene.

Awake all menne I say agen,
 Be merie as you maye
 For Harry our kinge is gone hunting
 To bring his deere to baye.

William Gray
time of Henry VIII.
 (original spelling.)

No. 6. Go from my Window, Go.

Song re-written
round old refrain
by HAROLD BOULTON.

Old 16th Century Air arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Tenderly. *p*

Voice

Piano

p

Go from my win - dow,

go, Go from my win - dow, dear; For a traitor you proved To a

true heart that loved, And you can - not be lodged here.

mf

Go from my win - dow, go, You took a lov - er new, And she

mf

wears a rose what - ev - er way she goes, While I nothing wear but rue.

p

Go from my win - dow, go, Go for a day and a year, And

p

then if you woo, And I deem your heart is true, You at last shall be lodgèd here.

GO FROM MY WINDOW, GO.

Go from my window, go,
Go from my window, dear,
For a traitor you proved
To a true heart that loved,
And you cannot be lodgèd here.

Go from my window, go,
You took a lover new;
And she wears a rose
Whatever way she goes
While I nothing wear but rue.

Go from my window, go,
Go for a day and a year,
And then if you woo,
And I deem your heart is true,
You at last shall be lodgèd here.

Written round old refrain by
Harold Boulton.

No. 7. Once I Loved a Maiden Fair.

Old Ballad
re-written by

* J. OXFORD. (19th Century)

17th Century Air

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Quietly but not slowly.

Voice

Piano

1. Once I lov'd a maid - en fair, But she did de -
2. I the wed - ding ring had got, Wed - ding clothes pro -

- ceive me. She with Ve - nus might com - pare,
- vid - ed, Sure the Church would bind a knot

In my eyes be - lieve me: She was young,
Ne'er to be di - vid - ed: Mar - ried we

and a - mong All our maids the sweet - est.
stright must be, She her vows had plight - ed;

Now I say, "Ah well - a - day!" "Bright - est hopes are fleet - est."
Vows a - las! as frail as glass, All my hopes are

2.

mf

blight - ed. Maid - ens wav'ring and un - true,

p

Many a heart have bro - ken; Sweetest lips the world e'er knew Fals - est words have

f

spok - en. Fare thee well, faith - less girl! I'll not sor - row for thee.

f

poco rall. *f a tempo*

Once I held thee dear as pearl, Now I do ab - hor thee.

poco rall. *f a tempo* *ff*

ONCE I LOVED A MAIDEN FAIR.

Once I loved a maiden fair,
 But she did deceive me;
 She with Venus might compare
 In my mind, believe me:
 She was young and among
 All our maids the sweetest;
 Now I say, "Ah well-a-day!
 Brightest hopes are fleetest."

I the wedding ring had got,
 Wedding clothes provided,
 Sure the Church would bind a knot
 Ne'er to be divided.
 Married we straight must be,
 She her vows had plighted;
 Vows, alas! As frail as glass:
 All my hopes are blighted.

Maidens wav'ring and untrue
 Many a heart have broken;
 Sweetest lips the world e'er knew
 Falsest words have spoken.
 Fare thee well, faithless girl,
 I'll not sorrow for thee;
 Once I held thee dear as pearl,
 Now I do abhor thee!

Old ballad re-written by
J. Oxenford. (19th Century)
 from Old English ditties. (Chappell & Co.)

No. 8. Sir Eglamore.

From a 17th Century Ballad.

16th CENTURY AIR.

Adapted by HAROLD BOULTON.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Very briskly.

Voice. *f* Sir Eg - la - more, that

Piano. *f*

val - iant knight, *Fa, la,* lank - y down dil - ly, He

took his sword and he went to fight, *Fa, la,*

lank - y down dil - ly. And as he rode o'er

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line is in G major, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

hill and dale All arm'd up - on his shirt of mail, —

This system contains measures three through six. The vocal line continues with quarter notes E5, D5, C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth-note patterns.

Fa la la, fa la la, Fa la lank-y down dil - ly. 2.A

This system contains measures seven through ten. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes (F4, A4, C5) followed by a quarter note (D5). The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

dra - gon there came out of his den, *Fa la, lanky down dilly, Had*
dra - gon had a pla - guey hide, *And*

slain God knows how ma - ny men, *Fa la, lanky down dilly, When*
could the sharp - est steel a - bide, *No*

he espied Sir Eg - lamore, Oh! if you had but heard him roar. *Fa la,*
sword so sharp that hide could nick, Which vexed the knight un - to the quick.

la fa la la, *Fa la lank - y down dil - ly* 3. The dil - ly. 4. But,

as in cho - ler he did burn, *Fa, la, lank-y down dil-ly.* He
 God preserve our King and Queen, And

watch'd the dra - gon a good turn, *Fa la, lank-y down dil-ly.* And
 eke in Lon - don may be seen, As

as a yawn-ing he did fall, He thrust the sword in, hilt and all —
 ma - ny knights and as ma - ny more, And all as good as Sir Eg - la - more.

Fa la, la fa la la, Fa la lank-y down dil - ly. 5. Now dil - ly.

SIR EGLAMORE.

Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 He took his sword and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 And as he rode o'er hill and dale,
 All armed upon his shirt of mail,
Fa la, la fa, la la,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 A Dragon there came out of his den,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 Had slain, God knows how many men,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 When he espied Sir Eglamore,
Fa la lanky down dilly
 Oh! If you had but heard him roar,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.

The Dragon had a plaguey hide,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 And could the sharpest steel abide.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 No sword so sharp that hide could nick,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 Which vexed the knight unto the quick.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.

But as in choler he did burn,
Fa la, lanky down dilly
 He watched the Dragon a good turn.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 And as a yawning he did fall.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 He thrust the sword in, hilt and all.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.

Now God preserve our King and Queen;
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 And eke in London may be seen
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 As many knights and as many more,
Fa la, lanky down dilly.
 And all as good as Sir Eglamore.
Fa la, lanky down dilly.

*Words from old Ballad adapted by
 Harold Boulton.*

No. 9. Can ye sew cushions?

Old Scots Song.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In a crooning manner. *p*

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh
2. Now
3. Sing

can ye sew cus - hions, and can ye sew sheets, And
hush - a - baw lam - mie, and hush - a - baw dear, Now
bal - la - loo lam - mie, sing bal - la - loo dear, Does

can ye sing bal - la - loo when the bair - nie
hush a - baw lam - mie, thy min - nie is —
wee lam - mie ken that its dad - die's no -

greet's? here. here? And hie and baw bird - ie and hie and baw
The wild wind is rav - in', thy min - nie's heart's
Ye're rock - in' fu' sweet - ly on mam - mie's warm

lamb, And hie and baw bird - ie, my bon - nie wee lamb.
sair, The wild wind is rav - in', but ye din - na care.
knee, But dad - die's a rock - in' up - on the saut sea.

pp

Heigh O! Heugh O! What'll I do wi' ye?

pp

Black's the life that I lead wi' ye. Mo - ny o' ye,

1 & 2.

lit-tle to gie ye, Heigh O! Heugh O! What'll I do wi' ye?

3.

What'll I do wi' ye?

pp

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

O can ye sew cushions
 And can ye sew sheets,
 And can ye sing ballaloo
 When the bairnie greets?
 And hie and baw birdie,
 And hie and baw lamb,
 And hie and baw birdie,
 My bonnie wee lamb!

Heigh O! heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?
 Black's the life that I lead wi' ye,
 Mony o' ye, little to gie ye.
 Heigh O! heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?

Now hush-a-baw lammie.
 And hush-a-baw dear,
 Now hush-a-baw lammie,
 Thy minnie is here.
 The wild wind is ravin',
 Thy minnie's heart's sair,
 The wild wind is ravin',
 And ye dinna care.
 Heigh O! heugh O! etc.

Sing ballaloo, lammie,
 Sing ballaloo, dear,
 Does wee lammie ken
 That its daddie's no here?
 Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly
 On mammie's warm knee,
 But daddie's a rockin'
 Upon the saut sea.
 Heigh O! heugh O! etc.

Old Scots Song.

No. 10. Lochaber No More.

LOCHABAR NI'S MÒ.

OLD HIGHLAND AIR.

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Words by

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686—1758.

Gaelic Translation by

NEIL SHAW.

Quietly but not slowly.

Voice.

Piano.

Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my
O, slàn le Loch - a - bar, O, slàn le mò

Jean, Where heart - some wi' thee I ha'e mo - ny days been For Loch -
ghaol, 'S fìoma' là bha mi mair riut'smi so - na ri d' thaobh; Tha Loch -

- a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch -
- a - bar a' tuireadh: Loch - a - bar ri bròn. Ma's dàn chaidh chan fhaic sinn Loch -

- a - ber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my
 - a - bar ni's mò. Na deòir so a shil mi bha iad air do

dear, And no for the dan-gers at - tend - ing on weir: Tho'
 sgàth. 'Scha bann air son gàbhaidhean mu - laid no dàin. Ged

dim.

borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant shore, May -
 shiubh lann null fa - da air bhàrr nan tonn mòr Is

be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. more.
 dò - cha nach till mi Loch - a - bar ri m' bheò. bheò.

rall.

1. 2.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony days been,
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear;
 And no for the dangers attending on weir.
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

The glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsay.

1686—1758.

LOCHABAR NI'S MÒ.

O, slàn le Lochabar, O, slàn le mo ghaol,
 'S ioma là bha mi mair riut 's mi sona ri d'thaobh;
 Tha Lochabar a'tuireadh: Lochabar ri bròn.
 Ma's dân chaoidh chan fhaic sinn Lochabar ri 'r bèò.
 Na deòir so a shil mi bha iad air do sgàth,
 'S cha b'ann air son gàbhaidhean m'fàid no dân.
 Ged shiubhlainn null fada air bhàrr nan tonn mòr
 Is dòcha nach till mi Lochabar ri m' bèò.

Ged bheucas a' ghaillinn 'sa shèideas a' ghaoith
 Chan éirich iad doineann mar tha nis 'gam chlaoidh;
 Fuaime na tàirnich as cruaidhe, fuaime onfhadh thonn-bòc,
 Cha choimeas ri m'airsneul 'gad fhàgail air bòrd.
 Gad fhàgail sa leannain is cruaidh leam an càs
 Ach 's inbhe-neo chliùiteach a mhealar gun spàirn.
 'Se gaol agus sgiamhachd is duais do fhear còrr,
 'S mur bi mi air airidh chan fharraid mi chòir.

'S e ghlòir sin mo chailin, tha 'gam tabhairt-sa uait,
 Tha onair 'g an agairt, 's chan aich'aidh mi uair;
 Oir as eugmhais chan airidh mi air gealladh mo luaidh
 'S mur dean mi do thàladh gur fearr dhomh an uaigh.
 Gun téid mi, a ghràidh, an tòir onair is cliù,
 'S ma thilleas mi slàn 'se 'n dân gu meal mi mo dhùil,
 Bidh mo chridhe-sa làn sunnd is mi, rùin, tighinn 'nad chòir,
 'S chan fhàg mi 's mo n'huirneag Lochabar ri 'r bèò.

Gaelic translation by
 NEIL SHAW.

No. 11. Afton Water.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.
1759-1796.

(Verses may be
selected for singing)

Melody by A. HUME.
1811-1856.

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In a flowing manner. *p*

Voice. *p*

Flow gent - ly, sweet

Piano. *p*

Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, — Flow

gent - ly, I'll - sing thee a - song in - thy -

praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow

gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

1 & 2. last.

poco rit. *pp*

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far-marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
When wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft as mild even creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Robert Burns.
1759 – 1796.

No. 12. Glenfinnan.

GLEANN FHIONGHAINN.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.
Gaelic translation by
NEIL SHAW.

Highland Air received orally
by Mrs Cameron Head of
Inverailort from her father,
Duncan Cameron of Inverailort
(died 1874.)

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

With spirit *mf*

Voice

Piano

p

By lone-ly Loch Shiel in the heart of the Highlands, A
An tai - ce Loch Sei - le an achlais nam fuar-bheann, Tha

King's son was watching and wait-ing all day; While, stretched on the rocks and the
mac Righ a' fai - re 'sa feitheamh an là, Is sint' measg nan creag air an

bracken a-round him, His hand-ful of true-mettled Hie-land men lay. 'Twas
rainich mu'n cuairt air, Tha còmh-lan beag ghilleann nach tiomaich roimh chàs. B'e

f

The statue of Prince Charles Edward Stuart stands looking up Glenfinnan, as he himself stood on August 19th, 1745, waiting for Lochiel and his Camerons, whose adhesion determined the successful inception of the Prince's heroic enterprise. The royal banner was unfurled on the arrival of the Camerons by that Duke of Atholl who had been attainted for his share in the previous rising of

Bon - nie Prince Charlie, the faith - ful, the fear - less, Who trust - ed the clansmen their
 Tear - lach Og Stiubhart, di - leas is cu - ran - ta, 'Se earb - sach asd ui - lè nach

f

tryst to ful - fil, His ea - gle eye raised to the braes of Glen - fin - nan, For the
 meall iad a dhàil Tha e dearcadh mar iol - air ri braigh Ghlinn Fhionghainn, Is ri

Cam - er - on clan to come o - ver the hill.
 gil - lean an Earachd tigh'nn thairis am màin.

f

f

"O
 A

comrades undaunted, I bid you cease doubting, Good Atholl and Morar and
Chinn-fheadhna neo sgàthach, na bithibh- sa teagmhach, Dheadh Adh-oil is Mhòrair 's fhear

loyal men all; I swear on my sword by my own royal word That Loch-
dileas mo ghraidh Mo bhòid air mo chlaideamh's air m'fhacal tha rioghail, Bidh Loch-

-iel and his men will be true to my call. I hear, like a storm rushing
-ial 'sachuid threun-fhear dhomh dileas gu bràth. Tha mi cluinntinn mar ghaillinn dol

o - ver the o - cean, The pib - roch of Donald Dhu booming and shrill; There's a
thairis air mòr-chuan, Piobaireachd Dhomh'll Duibh gu tartarach àrd; Tha salt-

tramp - ling of heather, a flut - ter of tartans, The Cam - er - on clan com - ing
 - airt air fraoch a - gus sgacileadh air breacain, Tha gil - lean an Earachd tigh'nn

o - ver the hill."
 thair - is an màin.

ff

p Poco piu lento

3. "Then un - furl yon ban - ner that
 Nis sgaoil - ibh 'a' bhratach nach
 4. They have passed from the clachan, the
 Ach thriall iad o'n chlachan, o'n

f

ne'er knew dis - hon - our, Each sword from its scabbard shall leap like a flame, To
 b'aithne eas - urram, Gach claidheamh á thruaill leum mar lasair an àird; A
 croft and the shiel - ing, Who fought and who died to the cry of "Claymore" The
 tobhta's o'n àirigh, Na ghleachd is na bhàsaich fo'n àithne "Claidheamh Mór"! Tha

fight the good fight that our sires fought be-fore us, For Scot-land and Eng-land and
 ghleachd mar is dual le cru-a-dal 'ur n-athraichean, Air son Al-ba is Shasuinn
 pib-roch sounds rare in Loch-eil and Loch-a-ber, And sheepbrowse in si-lence by
 sgall na piob' tearc an Loch-iall 'san Loch-a-bar, 'S tha'n fheadail gu leamhach an

freedom and fame. As the deerhound unleashed closes in on the quar-ry, As the
 saors' a-gus agh. Mar mhiol-chu bhàrr lothain an tòir air an fhaghaid, Mar
 corrie and scaur. There is gloom o-ver mountain and moorland and meadow, The
 coire 'san sgòrr Tha gruam-an air beannaibh air sliabh is air machair, Tha

stream in full spate flows the val-ley to fill, Ye shall rush on re-sist-less to
 allt ann am bras-thuil cur srathan air snàmh; Bheir sibh ionnsaigh gun bhacadh a
 mist on Loch Shiel gathers ee-rie and chill; But the wraith of Prince Charlie still
 ceo mu Loch Seile mar thannasg-a' snàmh; Ach tha manadh a' Phrionns' coimhead

Meno mosso

fight for Prince Charlie, With the Cam-er-on clan com-ing o-ver the hill."
 ghleachd air son Thearlaich Is gil-lean an Earachd tigh'nn thairis am màin.
 looks up Glen-fin-nan For the Cam-er-on clan to come o-ver the hill.
 null air Gleann Fhionghainn 'S ri gil-lean an Earachd tigh'nn thairis am màin.

GLENFINNAN.

By lonely Loch Shiel, in the heart of the Highlands,
A King's son was watching and waiting all day ;
While stretched on the rocks and the bracken around
him,

His handful of true-mettled Hielandmen lay.
'Twas Bonnie Prince Charlie, the faithful, the fearless,
Who trusted the clansmen their tryst to fulfil,
His eagle eye raised to the braes of Glenfinnan
For the Cameron clan to come over the hill.

"O comrades undaunted, I bid ye cease doubting,
Good Atholl and Morar and loyal men all.
I swear on my sword by my own royal word
That Lochiel and his men will be true to my call.
I hear like a storm rushing over the ocean
The pibroch of Donald Dhu booming and shrill ;
There's a trampling of heather, a flutter of tartans,
The Cameron clan coming over the hill."

"Then unfurl yon banner that ne'er knew dishonour,
Each sword from its scabbard shall leap like a flame,
To fight the good fight that our sires fought before us,
For Scotland and England and freedom and fame.
As the deerhound unleashed closes in on the quarry,
As the stream in full spate flows the valley to fill,
Ye shall rush on resistless to fight for Prince Charlie,
With the Cameron clan coming over the hill."

They have passed from the clachan, the croft and the
shieling,
'Who fought and who died to the cry of "Claymore,"
The pibroch sounds rare in Lochiel and Lochaber,
And sheep browse in silence by corrie and scaur.
There is gloom over mountain and moorland and meadow,
The mist on Loch Shiel gathers eerie and chill ;
But the wraith of Prince Charlie still looks up Glenfinnan
For the Cameron clan to come over the hill.

HAROLD BOULTON.

(The statue of Prince Charles Edward Stuart stands looking up Glenfinnan, as he himself stood on August 19th, 1745, waiting for Lochiel and his Camerons, whose adhesion determined the successful inception of the Prince's heroic enterprise. The royal banner was unfurled on the arrival of the Camerons by that Duke of Atholl who had been attainted for his share in the previous rising of 1715.)

GLEANN FHIONGHAINN.

An taice Loch Seile an achlais nam fuar-bheann
Tha mac rìgh a' faire 'sa feitheamh an là,
Is sìnt' measg nan creag 's air an rainich mu'n cuairt air
Tha còmhlan beag ghillean nach tiomaich roimh chàs.
B' e Tearlach Og Stiubhart—dileas is curanta,
'S e earbsach asd uile nach meall iad a dhàil ;
Tha e dearcadh mar iolair ri bràighe Ghlinn Fhionghainn
'S ri gillean an Earachd tighinn thairis am màin.

A chinn-fheadhna neo-sgàthach, na bithibh-sa
teagmhach,
Dheadh Adhòil is Mhòrair 's fher dileas mo ghràidh.
Mo bhòid air mo chlaidheamh 's air m' fhacal tha
rioghail,
Bidh Loch-iall 'sa chuid threun-fhear dhomh dileas gu
bràth.
Tha mi cluinntinn mar ghaillinn dol thairis air mòr-
chuan
Piobaireachd Dhomhnuill Duibh gu tartarach àrd ;
Tha saltairt air fraoch agus sgaoileadh air breacain—
Tha gillean an Earachd tighinn thairis am màin.

Nis sgaoilbh a' bhratach nach b'aithne easurram
Gach claidheamh á thruaill leum mar lasair an àird ;
A ghleachd mar is dual le cruadal 'ur n-athraichean,
Air son Alba is Shasuinn—saors' agus àgh.
Mar mhiol-chu bhàrr lothain an tòir air an fhaghaid,
Mar allt ann am bras-thuil cur srathan air snàmh :
Bheir sibh ionnsaigh gun bhacadh a ghleachd air son
Thearlaich
Is gillean an Earachd tighinn thairis am màin.

Ach thriall iad o'n chlachan, o'n tobhta 's o'n àirigh
Na ghleachd is na bhàsaich fo'n aithne "Claidheamh
Mór" !
Tha sgàl na pìob' tearc an Loch-iall 'san Lochabar,
'S tha 'n fheadail gu sàmhach an coire 's an sgòrr.
Tha gruaman air beannaibh, air sliabh is air machair,
Tha ceo mu Loch Seile mar thannasg a' snàmh ;
Ach tha manadh a' Phrionns' coimhead null air
Gleann Fhionghainn
'S ri gillean an Earachd tighinn thairis am màin.

Gaelic translation by NEIL SHAW.

No. 13. From The Lone Sheiling.

BHON AIRIGH UAIGNICH.

Professor JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North")
1785—1854.

Gaelic Translation by
NEIL SHAW.

Air Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante moderato. *Refrain.*

Voice.

Piano.

p

Fair these broad meads, these
Ged's caoin am machair,

hoa - ry woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fa - ther's land.
aluinn coill nan geug - Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar duth - aich féin.

mf

mf

The musical score is written for Voice and Piano. The Voice part begins with a rest, followed by the refrain melody. The Piano part provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato.' and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes two systems of music. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line. Dynamics include piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf). The refrain is marked with a repeat sign and a piano (p) dynamic.

At one of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" in 1829 "Christopher North" announced that this translation from Gaelic words had been supplied to him by a correspondent who had heard it sung by a Highland boatman in Canada. If the original Gaelic words ever existed they have been lost.

mf

1. Lis - ten to — me, as when ye heard our fa - ther Sing long a - go the song of
Eisdibh is — cluinnibh mar chuala sith roimhe An dan aig ur n-athair mu

2. From the lone sheil-ing of the mis - ty is - land Moun-tains di-vid-e us and a
Bho airigh ghlinn uaighich an innis a' cheò Tha beanntan 'gar sgaradh is

mf

o - ther shores; Lis - ten to me, and then in chor-us gather
thràighean ééin; Eisdibh is cluinnibh is togaibh fonn iorram
waste of seas; Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland And
mòr-chuan 'gar roinn; Ach's daimheil an cridhe 's fuil Ghaidhealach ann sìleadh 'San

p

1. All — your deep voic-es as ye — pull your oars.
Ri — farum ràmh - bhuillean a' siu - bhal gu rèidh. He - bri - des.
in — our dreams be-hold the Inn - se Gail.

2. aising na h-oidheh' bho roinn

Refrain.

mf

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fa-ther's land.
Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn cuill nan geug, Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar duth-aich féin.

mf

p

We ne'er shall tread the fancy - haunt - ed val - ley, Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the
 Cha triall a chaoidh sinn troimh shith - ghlean - nan uaigneach 'S alltan an fhuarain troimh'n choir -

p

small - clear stream; In arms a - round the pa - riot ban - ner - ral - ly, Nor
 - e ruith sìos, Mu bhratach cinn - feadhna cha deanar leinn tionail 'S chan

see the morn on roy - al tomb - stone gleam. Fair these broad meads, these
 fhaic sinn leus gealaich air réilig nan rìgh. Ged 's caoin am machair,

hoa - ry woods are grand; But we are ex - iles from our fa - ther's land.
 aluinn coill nan geug; Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich lein.

Fair those broad meads—those hoary woods are grand,
 But we are exiles from our father's land.
 Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
 Sing long ago the song of other shores—
 Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
 All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.
 Fair those broad meads—those hoary woods are grand,
 But we are exiles from our father's land.

2.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
 Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
 Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
 Fair those broad meads—those hoary woods are grand,
 But we are exiles from our father's land.

5.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter
 O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore!
 The hearts that would have given their blood like water
 Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:
 Fair those broad meads—those hoary woods are grand.
 But we are exiled from our father's land.

DR WILSON ("Christopher North")
 1785—1854.

At one of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" in 1829 "Christopher North" announced that this translation from Gaelic words had been supplied to him by a correspondent who had heard it sung by a Highland boatman in Canada. If the original Gaelic words ever existed they have been lost.

AN AIRIGH UAIGNEACH.

Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.
 Eisdibh is cluinnibh mar chuala sith roimhe
 An dān aig 'ur n-athair mu thràighean céin,
 Eisdibh is cluinnibh is togaibh fenn iorram
 Rì farum rāmh-bhuillean a'siubhal gu réidh.
 Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.

2.

Bho àirigh ghlinn uaignich an innis a' cheò
 Tha beanntan 'gar sgaradh is mòr-chuan 'gar roinn.
 Ach 's daimheil an eridhe 's fuil Ghaidhealach ann sìleadh
 'S an aisling na h-oidhche 'bidh roinn Innse Gall.
 Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.

5.

Thigeadh cruaidh-chàs agus buaradh measg chinneadh
 Bidh gairm air son ghillea gu iomain nan lann,
 ladsan nach tiomaich fuil chraolhach a shileadh
 A' fasgadh an eridhe thar linneachan thall.
 Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.

3.

Cha triall a chaidh sinn troimh shith-ghleannan uaigneach
 'S alltan an fhuarain troimh 'n choire ruith sìos,
 Mu bhratach cinn-feadhna cha deanar leinn tionail
 'S ehan fhaic sinn leus gealaich air réilig nan rìgh.
 Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.

4.

'N uair thug athraichean treun's na linn chaidh seachad
 Buaidh air an fhearann 'sa dhaingnich iad Tùir.
 Cha robh fiosaich thug sgeul air bàirlinn ghineil
 Chum bòsd bhi air triath mu 'chaoraich air stùc.
 Ged 's caoin am machair, àluinn coill nan geug—
 Tha sinn air faondraidh bhar dùthaich féin.

Gaelic Translation by
 NEIL SHAW.

No. 14. At the Mid Hour of Night.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

Old Irish Melody.

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice. Moderately slow. *p*

1. At the mid hour of night, when
2. Then I sing the wild song 'twas

Piano. *p*

stars. are weep - ing, I fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when
once such pleas - ure to hear, When our voi - ces, com - ming - ling,

pp

life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spi - rits can
 breath'd, like one, on the ear; And as ec - ho far off thro' the

steal from the re - gions of air To re - vi - sit past scenes of de -
 vale my sad o - ri - son rolls, I think, O my love! 'Tis thy

f *p*

- light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our love is re -
 voice from the King - dom of Souls, Faint - ly an - swer - ing still the

1. 2.

- mem - ber'd even in the sky. dear.
 notes that once were so

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, e'en in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
When our voices commingling breath'd like one on the ear;
And as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love, 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

Thomas Moore.

1779 — 1852.

No. 15. The Gentle Maiden.

English words by HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Irish Air

*Irish translation by DR DOUGLAS HYDE.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

Piano.

p

There's one that is pure as an an - gel, And fair as the flow'rs of
Though part-ed a - far from my dar - ling, I dream of her ev - 'ry-

May, ——— They call her the gen - tle mai - den ——— Where -
- where, ——— The sound of her voice is a - bout me, ——— The

- ev - er she takes her way. ——— Her eyes have the glance of
spell of her pres - ence there. ——— And whe - ther my prayer be

*By arrangement from Songs of the four Nations.

J.E.C & Co 13019.

sun - light, As it bright-ens the blue sea wave, And
gran - ted, Or whe - ther she pass me by, The

more than the deep sea trea - sure The love of her heart I
face of that gen - tle mai - den Will fol - low me till I

rall.

1st.
crave. Though

2nd.
die.

rall.

THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

There's one that is pure as an angel,
 And fair as the flowers of May,
 They call her the gentle maiden
 Wherever she takes her way.
 Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
 As it brightens the blue sea wave,
 And more than the deep sea treasure,
 The love of her heart I crave.

Though parted afar from my darling,
 I dream of her everywhere,
 The sound of her voice is about me,
 The spell of her presence there.
 And whether my prayer be granted,
 Or whether she pass me by,
 The face of that gentle maiden
 Will follow me till I die.

Harold Boulton.

AN MHAIGHDEAN CHAOIN.

Tá maighdean ann, díleas mar áingeall,
 Chomh sáimh leis ann Bealtaine Buidhe;
 Air a d-tuáid "caoimh-inghean" mar ainm,
 Is múinte 's is naiseamhail í.
 Tá a súile mar taithneamh na gréine
 Ag lasadh le sgéimh ar an tonn,
 Agus b-feárr liom a grádh agam féin
 Ná an méad tá i d-Tír na long.

Cidh sgartha óm stóirin atá mé,
 Dar liom-sa 's im' láthair í,
 Im' chluais a guth luthgháireach,
 Agus a draoidheacht a gáire i m' chroidhe.
 Má 's diúltadheruaidh tá'n dán dam
 No truagh, no ciabed nith.
 Ní sgarfaidh a searc go bráth liom
 'S ní chlaoidhfídh an Bás fein í.

Dr. Douglas Hyde.

No. 16. Little Mary Cassidy.

Words by
F. A. FAHY.

Old Irish Air
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

Oh, 'tis
'Twas
What is

lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si - dy's the cause of all my mi - ser - y, The
at the dance at Dar - mo - dy's that first I caught a sight of her, And
wealth or what is fame, or what is all that peo - ple fight a - bout, To the

rai-son that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she
 heard her sing an Ir-ish song till tears came in my eyes; And
 kind-ness of her kis-ses, or the glanc-ing of her eye? Oh, though'

bates the beau-ties all—that we read a-bout in his-to-ry, Sure
 ev-er since that blessed hour I'm dream-ing day and night of her; The
 trou-bles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right a-bout, If I

half the coun-try side's as lost for her as me. Trav-el
 divil a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise. Her—
 thought the cur-ly head would nes-tle there, by'n, bye. Take—

rall.

Ire - land up and down, hill, vil - lage, vale and town, Girl
 cheek the rose in June; her song the lark in tune, Working,
 all I - own to - day, kith, kin, and care a - way, Ship them

rall.

like my "Cai lin donn"* you'll be look - ing for in vain; Oh, I'd
 rest - ing night or noon, she ne - ver laves my mind: Oh, till
 all a - cross the say, or to the fro - zen zone, Lave me

ra - ther live in po - ver - ty with lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, Than
 sing - ing by my ea - bin fire sits lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, 'Tis
 here an or - phan bare, but oh, lave me Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, I

* Pronounced "colleen dhonn" Angl. "brown-haired girl?"

Em - pe - ror with - out her be, o'er Ger - ma - ny or Spain.
lit - tle aise or hap - pi - ness I'm sure I'll ev - er find.
ne - ver would feel lone - some with the two of us a - lone.

f

f

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery,
 The reason that I am not now the boy I used to be:
 Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
 Sure half the country-sides as lost for her as me.

Travel Ireland up and down—hill, village, vale and town—
 Girl like my "cailin donn"* you'll be looking for in vain;
 Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy
 Than Emperor, without her be, o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
 And heard her sing an Irish song, till tears came in my eyes;
 And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her;
 The devil a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise.

Her cheek the rose in June, her song the lark in tune,
 Working, resting, night or noon, she never laves my mind;
 Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
 'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, or what is fame, or what is all that people fight about
 To the kindness of her kisses or the glancing of her eye?
 Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right-about,
 If I thought the curly hair would nestle there, by'n'bye.

Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,
 Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone,
 Lave me here an orphan bare—*but O lave me Mary Cassidy,*
 I never would feel lonesome with two of us alone.

F. A. Fahy.

* Pronounced "cailleen.dhawn"—Angl. "brown-haired girl."

No. 17. The Opening of the Key.

(AGORIAD Y CYWAIR.)

English Words by HAROLD BOULTON. (Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain)

Old Welsh Air Arranged by

Welsh Simile by G. M. PROBERT.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice.
BARITONE.

Piano.

Grandioso.

f

Bri - tons to - day in Eis -

- tedd - fod as - sem - ble, Moun - tain and val - ley me - lo - dious

ring. Prince, peer and pea - sant, and dam - sel and dame,

Mu - sic's do - min - ion are met to pro - claim; Earth, air and

sea with their sym-pho - ny trem - ble, Heaven's ar - ches an - swer "The

rall. min - strel is King." *f* Let loves and bat - tles of

Cym - ry de - part - ed Flash, bards in - spired, like a flame from your

mf string; Let voice and harp in *mf* Pen - nill - i - on blend,

Let skil - ful tri - ad your wis - dom com - mend. *f* Win - ner or

lo - ser con - tend o - pen heart - ed, *rall.* Power to your prow - ess, the

Min - stel is King *f* *Meno mosso* Sum - mon the vic - tor and *Meno mosso*

gird him with glo - ry, The chair and the crown for his or - na - ment

f

bring; Three times with challenge the sword hold on high,

ff

Three times tu - mul - tuous let all men re - ply;

ff

Heights of Plin - lim - mon and Snow-den the ho - ry, Ye shall be

rall.

wit - ness, the Min-strel is King.

rall. *ff*

THE OPENING OF THE KEY.

Britons to-day in Eisteddfod assemble,
 Mountain and valley melodious ring;
 Prince, peer and peasant, and damsel and dame
 Music's dominion are met to proclaim,
 Earth, air and sea, with their symphony tremble,
 Heaven's arches answer "The Minstrel is King."

Let loves and battles of Cymry departed,
 Flash, bards inspired, like a flame from your string;
 Let voice and harp in Pennillion blend,
 Let skilful triad your wisdom commend.
 Winner or loser contend open-hearted,
 Power to your prowess, the Minstrel is King.

Summon the victor, and gird him with glory,
 The chair and the crown for his ornament bring;
 Three times with challenge the sword hold on high,
 Three times tumultuous let all men reply:
 Heights of Plinlimmon, and Snowdon the hoary,
 Ye shall be witness, the Minstrel is King.

Harold Boulton.
 (Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

AGORIAD Y CYWAIR.

Dyma brif-wyl gwlad ein tadau,
 Gwlad a chrud yr Eisteddfodau;
 Gwlad y Bardd a'i hoff ddefodau,
 Gwyliau hen ein Gwalia Wen.
 Gwreng a boneddwr sydd yma'n gytún,
 Awen fawrygir a'i pherchen yr un.
 Enill "Cadair" yr Eisteddfod!
 Dyna gamp a dyna brif-nod
 Ddenodd feirdd pob oes a chyfnod;
 Tystia'r oll, "Y Bardd sy'n Ben."

Cana'r beirdd am ddewrion Cymru,
 Am wladgarwch a gwrhydri,
 Ac am ereill fu'n rhagori.
 Meibion hoff i gân a llen.
 "Deuwch a'r 'Gadair' i'r gŵr bia'r dydd,
 Deuwch a'r delyn a chlêdd Cymru Fydd?"
 "A oes heddwch?" clywch y geiriau;
 "Heddwch," etyb myrdd o leisiau,
 Adsain ddaw yn ôl o'r creigiau,
 Tystia'r oll, "Y Bardd sy'n Ben."

G. M. PROBERT.

N.B.—The Welsh words (5th and 6th lines excepted) have been written with a syllable to every quaver, instead of a syllable to two quavers as in the English words.

No. 18. The Land of my Fathers.

(HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.)

Welsh Words by
EVAN JAMES. 1856.

English Translation by HAROLD BOULTON.
(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

Welsh Melody by JAMES JAMES. 1856.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Moderato. *f*

Voice.

Piano.

1. The land of my Fa - thers I
2. Old Wales and her hills are the
3. Though long 'neath the foot of the

love a - bove all Whose glor - ies famed harp - ers and sing - ers re -
Bard's Par - a - dise, Her val - leys and crags are a joy to his
foe - man we lay, The tongue of the Cym - ry is death - less to -

- call, And war - riors he - ro - ic, her pleas - ure and pride, For
eyes. How sweet, for I love them, the whis - per can be Of her
- day, Our Muse sings as ev - er un - trammelled and bold, Our

free - dom they fought and they died.
 brooks and her riv - ers to me.
 harp rings as true as of old.

f Home! Home! Home-land, our love can - not

fail! So long as the sea thy bul - wark shall

be, May the tongue of our Fa - thers pre - vail! - vail!

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

*(HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.)**(Translated from the Welsh.)*

The land of my Fathers I love above all,	Old Wales and her hills are the Bard's paradise,
Whose glories famed harpers and singers recall,	Her valleys and crags are a joy to his eyes.
And warriors heroic, her pleasure and pride;	How sweet, for I love them, the whisper can be
For freedom they fought and they died.	Of her brooks and her rivers to me.
Home! Home! Homeland, our love cannot fail!	Home! Home! Homeland, our love cannot fail!
So long as the sea thy bulwark shall be	So long as the sea thy bulwark shall be
May the tongue of our Fathers prevail!	May the tongue of our Fathers prevail!

Though long 'neath the foot of the foeman we lay,
 The tongue of the Cymry is deathless to-day,
 Our Muse sings as ever untrammelled and bold,
 Our harp rings as true as of old.

Home! Home! Homeland, our love cannot fail!
 So long as the sea thy bulwark shall be
 May the tongue of our Fathers prevail!

*Harold Boulton.**(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)*

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,	Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion enwogion o fri;	Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,	Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si
Dros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.	Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.
Gwlad! Gwlad! Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.	Gwlad! Gwlad! Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.
Tra'r mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,	Tra'r mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O! bydded i'r heniaith barhau.	O! bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
 Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
 Ni luddiwyd yr Awen gan erchyll law brad,
 Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Gwlad! Gwlad! Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.
 Tra'r mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
 O! bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

EVAN JAMES. 1856.

No. 19. The Rising of the Lark.

(CODIAD YR HEDYDD.)

Welsh Words by
JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES (1832—87.)
English Translation by HAROLD BOULTON.
(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

Welsh Melody.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante. *p*

Voice. *p*

Piano. *mf* *p*

Hark, hark, in morning praise The
Rise, rise, O lark a-rise On

song-ster trills his li - quid lays, From Par-a - dise they flow.
pin - ion brown to climb the skies, Climb high-er, high - er still.

p

Like lit - tle drops of song That to some heavenly host be-long At
Sing, sing, thy dear re-frain. Borne up to join that bliss - ful train Be -

p

dawn es - caped be - low. Mute the meadow bree - zes blow, The
 - yond all hu - man ill. As thy notes e - the - re - al We

pp

heath - er tufts stir qui - et - ly, List' - ning riv - ers
 world - lings hear in ecs - ta - sy, Yearn - ing thoughts our

rip - ple low A - mong the rush - es hid - ing by. What
 hearts en - thrall. Oh! Would that we a - loft might be In

charm ce - les - tial lilt - be - stow On poor mor - ta - li - ty!
 that bright land where God doth call, O hap - py bird, to thee!

THE RISING OF THE LARK.

(CODIAD YR HEDYDD.)

(Translated from the Welsh.)

Hark, hark, in morning praise
 The songster trills his liquid lays,
 From Paradise they flow.
 Like little drops of song
 That to some heavenly host belong,
 At dawn escaped below.
 Mute the meadow breezes blow,
 The heather tufts stir quietly,
 Listening rivers ripple low
 Among the rushes hiding by.
 What charm celestial lilt bestow
 On poor mortality!

Rise, rise, O lark arise
 On pinion brown to climb the skies,
 Climb higher, higher still.
 Sing, sing, thy dear refrain,
 Borne up to join that blissful train
 Beyond all human ill.
 As thy notes ethereal
 We worldlings hear in ecstasy,
 Yearning thoughts our hearts enthral;
 Oh! Would that we aloft might be
 In that bright land where God doth call,
 O happy bird, to thee.

Harold Boulton.

(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

CODIAD YR HEDYDD.

Clywch, clywch foreuol glod,
 O fwyned yw'r defnynnau'n dod
 O wynfa lân i lawr.
 A'i mân ddefnynnau cân
 Aneirif lu rhyw dyrfa lân
 Ddiangodd gyda'r wawr!
 Mud yw'r awel ar y waun,
 Brig y gruŷ yn esmwyth grŷn:
 Gwranddo mae yr aber gain,
 Yn y brwyn ymguddia'i hun.
 Mor nefol swynol ydyw'r sain
 Sy'n dod i ddeffro dyn.

Cwyd, cwyd ehedydd, cwyd.
 O le i le ar aden lwyd,
 Yn uwch, yn uwch o hyd:
 Cân, can dy ddernyn cu.
 A dos yn nês at lawen lu
 Adawodd boen y byd.—
 Canu mae, a'r byd a glyw,
 Ei alaw lon o uchel le:
 Cyfyd hiraeth dynol ryw
 Ar ei ol i fröydd ne:
 Yn nês at Ddydd, yn nês at Dduw
 I fyny fel efe.

CEIRIOG HUGHES.

No. 20 The Natal Voortrekker's Song.

Dutch South African psalm tune.

Original Poem in Afrikaans
by President REITZ.

Condensed English Version by
HAROLD BOULTON*.

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

In majestic march time.

Voice.

1. Din - gaan the dust hath
2. O thou poor Af - ri -
3. Long time through des - erts

Piano.

bit - ten, Thus end - eth
can - der, Who in Na -
dri - ven By sa - vage

ty - ran ny, Tam -
tal do'est bide, No
hordes op - press'd, Our

* The song refers to the struggles of the Dutch Settlers in Natal at the beginning of the 19th Century. They defeated the Zulu Chief Dingaan in 1838. Inserted by the personal courtesy of President Reitz.
Copyright MCMXXIV by J B Cramer & Co Ltd.

- boe - sa, Sle - la, smit - ten
more in more sor - row wan - der
sins have been for giv - en,

Re - pent all their trea - cher -
For all thy in tears are
Our folk in peace may

- y. dried, Lo! Pan - da
rest. In wealth we
For God hath

peace doth prof - fer, His
take not pleas - ure. Nor
bless'd our na - tion, The

em - bass - ies draw near, Come,
trust in whom princ es a place, In
Lord whom we a dore. He

let, us greet his of fer
heavn we seek our treas ure,
is our sure sal va tion,

ff
With friend li ness sin cere,
Our joy now in and God's ev good er grace,
Both more.

1.

Dingaan is nou gesneuveld,
Dis om zijn tiranni;
Tamboesa en ook Slela
Om hul' verra'jerij;
En Panda is gekome,
Hij het gevra' om vrede;
Ons het dit sonder skrome
Blijmoedig hom gegê.

2.

Ons arme Afrikane,
Wat hier in Natal woon,
Hoe wordt tog onse trane
Met goedheid weer bekroon!
O God! Gij, skenk ons vrede,
U segen oek daarbij,
En uwe hulpe mede;
Ja, Gij, sijt an ons sij.

3.

Ons-ken oek onse skulde
Voor U, o Opperheer!
Ons leg voor U ons hulde
As onse offer neer.
O Heer, hoor tog ons bede:
Vergeef ons alle kwaad!
Dan sal ons steeds in vrede
U lowe vroeg en laat.

4.

Ons hoop oek ni op mense,
Dat die ons helpe moet;
Oek op gën ho'e prinse,
Want dit doet ons gën goed.
Ons roep mar tot di Here,
Die al ons sugte hoort,
Die wind en storm en mere
Lat luister na Sijn woord.

5.

Hij sal ons redding skenke
Met Sijne sterke hand;
Hij sal an ons gedenke;
Hij geef gewis ons land.
Want Gij, o Heer, is meerder
Dan alle volke saam,
Daarom sal ons te eerder
Steeds lowe Uwe naam!

6.

Hoop op di Heer, jul' vrome!
Is Afrika in nood,
Daar sal verlossing kome;
Sijn goedheid is seer groot.
Hij maak op ons gebede
Heel Afrika eens vrij
Van hul die ons vertrede;
Dan leef ons vrij en blij.

F. W. Reitz.

THE NATAL VOORTREKKER'S SONG.

1.

Dingaan the dust hath bitten,
Thus endeth tyranny,
Tamboesa, Slela, smitten
Repent their treachery.
Lo! Panda peace doth proffer,
His embassies draw near,
Come, let us greet his offer
With friendliness sincere.

2.

O thou poor Afrikander,
Who in Natal doest bide,
No more in sorrow wander
For all thy tears are dried;
In wealth we take not pleasure,
Nor trust in princes place,
In heaven we seek our treasure,
Our joy in God's good grace.

3.

Long time through deserts driven
By savage hordes oppressed,
Our sins have been forgiven,
Our folk in peace may rest.
For God hath blessed our nation,
The Lord whom we adore,
He is our sure salvation
Both now and evermore.

*Condensed Version by
Harold Boulton.*

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SONGS OF THE FOUR NATIONS.

Edited by HAROLD BOULTON.

Music arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

English.

AIRS.

1. YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND ... By Dr. Calcott.
(*Thomas Campbell.*)
2. THOU WILT NOT GO AND LEAVE ME HERE ... Thou wilt not go and leave me here.
(Unknown.)
3. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN ... When the King enjoys his own again.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
4. CUPID'S GARDEN Cupid's Garden.
(Unknown.)
5. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND ... My Lodging it is on the cold ground.
(Unknown.)
6. OLD TOWLER Old Towler.
(Unknown.)
7. FLOODS OF TEARS Floods of Tears.
(Unknown.)
8. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER Pretty Polly Oliver.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
9. THREE RAVENS (THE) The Three Ravens.
(Unknown.)
10. HAPPY FARMER (THE) The Happy Clown.
(*Harold Boulton.*)

Cornish.

11. WHERE BE GOING? Where be going.
(Unknown.)

Scottish.

12. DOWN IN YON BANK Doune in yon banks.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
13. HERE'S TO THY HEALTH LAGGAN BURN.
(*Robert Burns.*)
14. OH! SHE'S BONNIE! Gently blaw ye Eastern breezes.
(Unknown.)
15. BLINK OVER THE BURN... ... Blink over the Burn.
(*Robert Allan.*)
- 16*. SCOTS WHA HAE Hey Tuttle Taitie.
(*Robert Burns.*)
17. MARY JAMIESON Mary Jamieson.
(Unknown.)
18. TWINE THE PLAIDEN Twine the Plaiden.
(Unknown.)
19. WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN? ... Will ye no come back again?
(*Lady Nairne.*)
20. IN YON GARDEN In yon garden.
(Unknown.)
21. WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT ... Were na my heart licht.
(*Lady Grisell Basilke.*)

Highland.

22. ISLE OF THE HEATHER (THE) ... The Isle of the Heather.
(Gaelic—*M. Macleod.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
23. THE MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT ... The Mackintosh's Lament.
(Gaelic—Unknown. English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)

Welsh.

AIRS.

24. OPENING OF THE KEY (THE) ... The Opening of the Key.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
25. SLENDER BOY (THE) The Slender Boy.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
26. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT ... All through the Night.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
27. DIMPLED CHEEK (THE)... ... The Dimpled Cheek.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
28. BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON ... By the Waters of Babylon.
(English, Psalm cxxxvii. adapted by *Arthur Somervell.* Welsh paraphrase—*G. M. Probert.*)
29. GWENLLIAN Gwenllian.
(Welsh—*Nicholas Bennett.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
30. JENNY'S MANTLE... ... Jenny's Mantle.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
31. GWILYM AND ELLEN Gwilym and Ellen.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
32. MISTLETOE (THE)... ... The Woodbunch.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
- 33*. MELODY OF MAY (THE) ... The Melody of May
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
34. DREAM OF LITTLE RHYE ... The Dream of Little Rhye.
(Welsh—*Rev. Owen Davies* (*Eos Llechyd.*) English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
35. ASH GROVE (THE) The Ash Grove.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)

Manx.

36. MYLE CHARAINE Myle Charaine.
(Manx—Unknown. English adaptation—*Harold Boulton.*)

Irish.

37. WHEN IN DEATH The Bard's Legacy.
(English—*Thomas Moore.* Irish translation—*Archbishop Mac Hale.*)
38. GENTLE MAIDEN (THE) The Gentle Maiden.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
- 39*. KITTY MAGEE Kitty Magee.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.*)
40. SHULE AGRA Shule Agra.
(English—*A. P. Graves.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
41. CASTLE OF DROMORE (THE) ... My Wife is Sick.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
42. SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL (THE)... The Snowy-breasted Pearl.
(Irish—Unknown. English—*Dr. Petrie.*)
43. WILD HILLS OF CLARE (THE)... Lament of William McPeter.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
44. LITTLE MARY CASSIDY ... The little Stack of Barley.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.*)
45. GAOL OF CLONMEL (THE) ... Gaol of Clonmel.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
46. DRIMIN DHU Drimin Dhu.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
47. BARNEY BRALLAGHAN ... Barney Brallaghan.
(English—*A. P. Graves.*)
48. TREE IN THE WOOD (THE) ... The Tree in the Wood.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
49. KATHLEEN NI HOOLMAUN ... Kathleen ni Hoolmaun.
(Irish—*William Heffernan.* English adaptation—*F. A. Fahy.*)
50. YELLOW BOREEN (THE)... ... The Yellow Boreen.
(Irish—Unknown. English translation—*Dr. Petrie.*)

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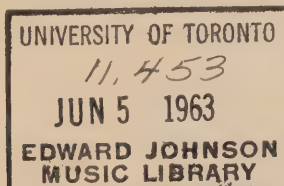
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OUR NATIONAL SONGS

(PREFACE)

THE countries comprised in the British Isles are pre-eminently rich in the beauty and variety of their national songs, and the Overseas Empire is already adding its quota.

The store available is continually growing, not only from new discoveries and new handlings of old material, but from the mellowing of new vintages into old. Brands that were new a century ago or even less become standard vintages. To take two instances:—the words of "Killarney" were written by Falconer and the music by Balfe. The latter died in 1870; the French words of "O Canada" were written by Judge Routhier and the music by Lavalee in 1880. Both these songs, like the songs of Dibdin, who died in 1814, have now become classic.

It would appear that the taste, both musical and literary, as to the form in which the public likes its national song presented to it, is continually altering and developing. The arrangements of early nineteenth century musicians are not so acceptable in the 20th century as they originally were. The lyrics of Moore, and even in some instances of Burns, begin to vanish from the melodies to which they were originally harnessed, to be replaced by others. In the latter case some of the poems of Burns written in the Lowland Scots language have, though beautiful in themselves, been divorced by purists from old Highland Melodies in favour of lyrics of Gaelic origin or Highland complexion.

But the good old melodies flow on, sonorous in their majesty or bewitching in their artless simplicity and charm, and, unless decay in patriotism or literary and musical taste reaches undreamed of depths of degradation, each decade will welcome successive attempts to display the old treasures in a suitable form.

Whoever misses some favourite melody from this collection must know that if it does not appear it is probably because a limit having been set to the number of songs in the volumes some lesser known melody has been inserted which in the opinion of the editors was worthy of inclusion.

The sole object of these volumes is to put into the hands of both old and young for their delectation some portion of our great national heritage of song.

HAROLD BOULTON.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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icumen in)
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WELSH

Hunting the Hare
David of the White Rock
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CANADIAN

V'la bon vent


Wedding Song.

No. 1.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old English Air (1686)
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

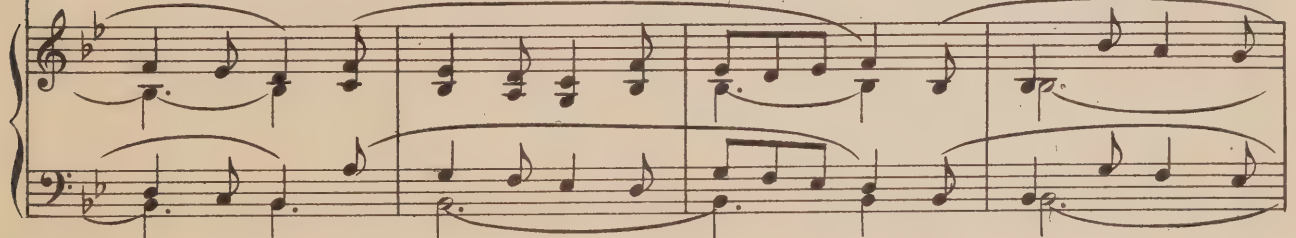
Allegretto

VOICE. 

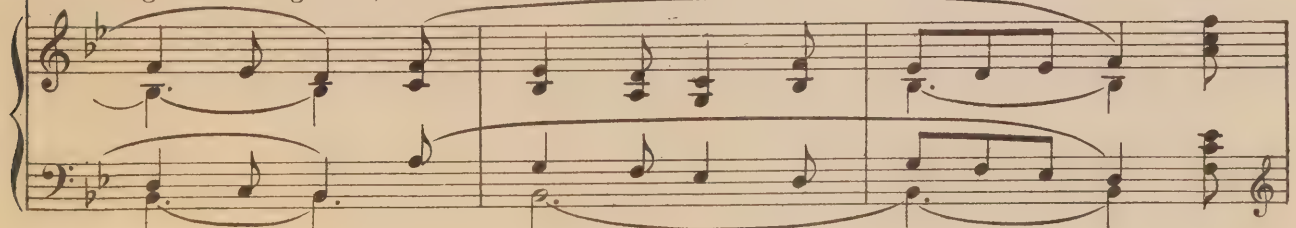
PIANO. 

1. It charms the air, when
ring a peal the

birds do pair, The wed-ding bell's glad tone, In young A-pril when
bond to seal, And bless the bride, dear soul! May beau-ty's bloom de-



Jack weds Jill And Dar-by mar-ries Joan. Since
- light the groom, While round the sea-sons roll May



No - ah's crew walked two— and two, Each kind will seek its
both through years of smiles and tears Keep ear - ly love heart -

p

own. — If thou and I — for true love sigh — The
- whole, — And both think well — of the wed - ding bell — Till

f

oth - ers we'll leave a - lone. —
fu - ner - al knell doth toll. —

f

1. 2.

2. Then

mf

WEDDING SONG.

It charms the air, when birds do pair,
The wedding bell's glad tone,
In young April when Jack weds Jill
And Darby marries Joan.
Since Noah's crew walked two and two,
Each kind will seek its own;
If thou and I for true love sigh
The others we'll leave alone.

Then ring a peal the bond to seal,
And bless the bride, dear soul!
May beauty's bloom delight the groom,
While round the seasons roll.
May both through years of smiles and tears
Keep early love heart-whole,
And both think well of the wedding bell,
Till funeral knell doth toll.

Harold Boulton.

Shadows of Night

(Golden Slumbers.)

No. 2.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old English Air
(Late 17th or early 18th century.)
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Not slowly. With a gentle swing.

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

1. Sha - dows of night a - round us creep,

Rock - a - by, rose - bud, curl a - sleep;

Pil - low'd in peace may the lit - tle head

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. The lyrics are "Pil - low'd in peace may the lit - tle head".

lie, — And I will sing you lul - la - -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "lie, — And I will sing you lul - la - -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The lyrics are "lie, — And I will sing you lul - la - -".

- by.

pp

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "- by.". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The lyrics are "- by.". The piano part includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking.

p

2. Drow - sy are flow'r and tree and stream,

Deer in the for - est doze and dream;

Bees no more mur-mur and birds no more fly,- And I will

sing you lul - la - by.

pp A little more slowly.

3. Skirt - ing the stars the young moon.

pp

glides, Queen of the sky while night a -

- bides; Such was the night when the ang - els on

pp rall.

high To one small babe sang lul - la - by.

pp rall.

SHADOWS OF NIGHT.

(Golden Slumbers.)

LULLABY.

Shadows of night around us creep,
 Rockaby, rosebud, curl asleep;
 Pillowed in peace may the little head lie,
 And I will sing you lullaby.

Drowsy are flower and tree and stream,
 Deer in the forest doze and dream,
 Bees no more murmur and birds no more fly,
 And I will sing you lullaby.

Skirting the stars the young moon glides,
 Queen of the sky while night abides;
 Such was the night when the angels on high
 To one small babe sang lullaby.

Harold Boulton.

There have been many settings of this late 17th or early 18th Century melody, to which William Chappell set the lullaby "Golden Slumbers" in the middle of the 19th Century. The words of "Golden Slumbers" are given below.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise,
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.

Care you know not, therefore sleep
 While I o'er you watch do keep;
 Sleep pretty darlings, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.

No. 3.

Come lasses and lads.

17th Century Air.

Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Words 17th Century.

With great spirit. *f*

VOICE. *f*

PIANO. *f*

Come, lass-es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a-

way to the may - pole hie ——— There ev' - ry He — has

got him a She, And the min - strel's stand - ing by ——— For

Wil - lie has got his Jill, ——— And John - nie has got his

ff
Joan ——— To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,

Trip — it up and down, To — trip it, trip it,

trip — it, trip it, trip it up and down. ——— men. ———

COME LASSES AND LADS.

Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
 And away to the maypole hie,
 There every He has got him a She,
 And the minstrel's standing by.
 For Willie has got his Jill, and Johnnie has got his Joan
 To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down,
 To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.

"Strike up," says Watt, "agreed" says Matt,
 "And I prithee fiddler play;"
 "Content," says Hodge, and so says Madge,
 "For this is a holiday."
 Then every lad did doff
 His hat unto his lass,
 And every girl did curtsy, curtsy,
 Curtsy on the grass.

"You're out" says Dick, "Not I" says Nick,
 "'Twas the fiddler played it wrong"
 "'Tis true" says Hugh, and so says Sue
 And so says everyone.
 The fiddler then began to play the tune again,
 And every girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.
 And every girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
 And play'd for ale and cakes,
 And kisses too, till they were due,
 The lasses held the stakes.
 The girls did then begin
 To quarrel with the men,
 And bade them take their kisses back,
 And give them their own again.

"Good-night" says Harry, "Good-night" says Mary
 "Good-night" says Doll to John;
 "Good-night" says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
 "Good-night" says everyone.
 Some walked and some did run, some loitered on the way,
 And bound themselves by kisses twelve to meet the next holiday.
 And bound themselves by kisses twelve to meet the next holiday.

Words 17th Century.

Verses 2 & 4 may be omitted if it be desired to shorten the song.

Since first I saw your face.

No. 4.

Words (author unknown)
Published with the music in 1607.

Air by THOMAS FORD. (d. 1648)
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

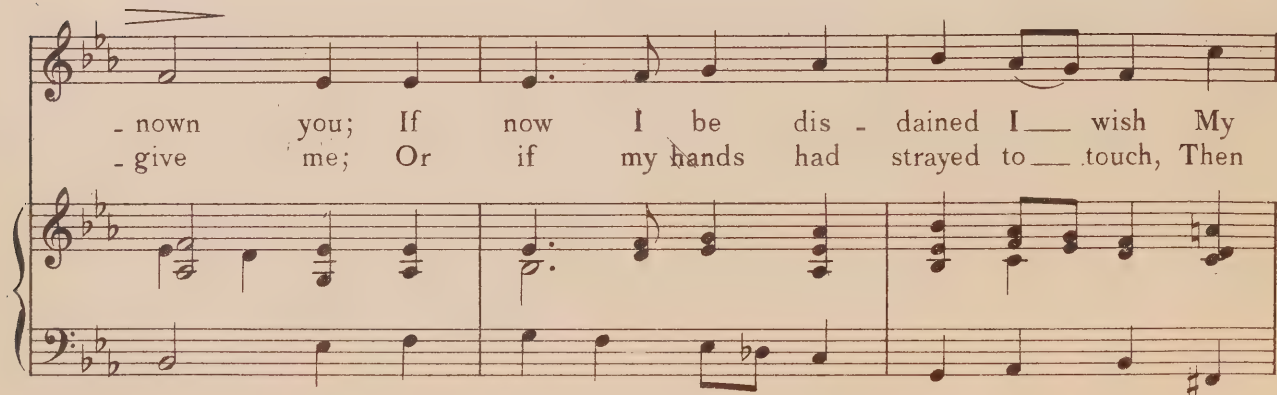
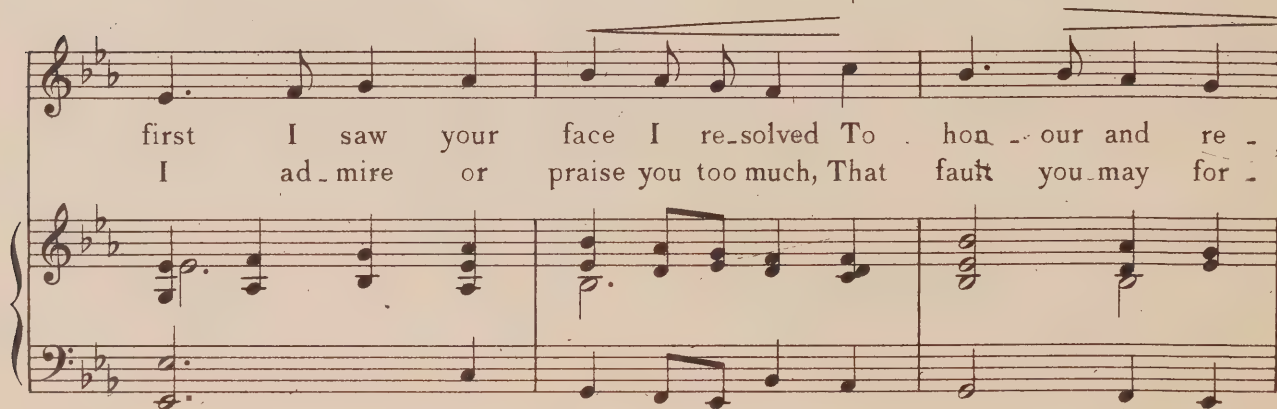
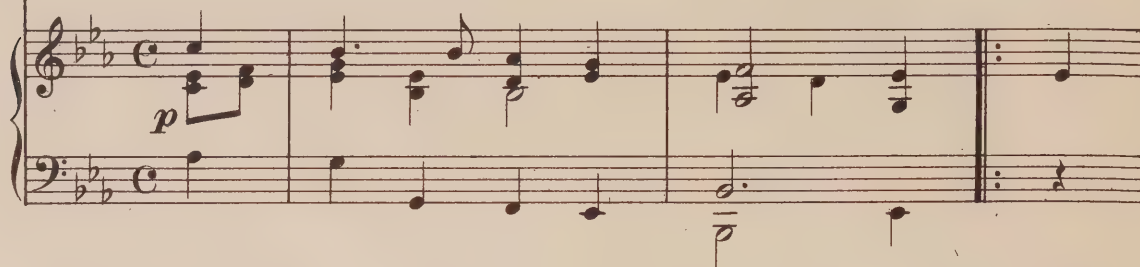
VOICE



1. Since

2. If

PIANO



heart had nev - er known you. What, I that loved and
just - ly might you leave me. I asked you leave, you

you that liked, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?
bade me love, Is't now a time to chide me?

f No, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en -
No, no, no, I'll love you still, What for - tune e'er be -

- tan - - gle.
- tide me.

p

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

Since first I saw your face I resolved
 To honour and renown you;
 If now I be disdained I wish
 My heart had never known you.
 What! I that loved and you that liked,
 Shall we begin to wrangle?
 No, no, no, my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
 That fault you may forgive me;
 Or if my hands had strayed to touch,
 Then justly might you leave me.
 I asked you leave, you bade me love,
 Is't now a time to chide me?
 No, no, no, I'll love you still,
 What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty, past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.
 When beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me,
 There, oh there, where e're I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

Author unknown.

Words published with the music in 1607.

No. 5.

The Whistling Carman.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

16th Century Air.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

With great spirit. *f*

VOICE. *f*

PIANO. *f*

1. There
2. Knights,
3. The
- * 4. From

is a car-man jol-ly Goes whist-ling whist-ling all the while; A
la-dies, squires and pa-ges, He'll whis-tle, whis-tle to his whim. Blythe
car-man's wed-ding par-ty Was fif-teen years come first of June, Now
Lon-don town to De-von The car-man's name is famed to-day; And

foe to mel-an-cho-ly, He kills it with a hap-py smile. He'll
birds in trees or ca-ges Will tune their pip-ing note to him. He'll
chil-dren hale and heart-y Take up the car-man's whist-ling tune. They'll
when he goes to hea-ven, He'll whis-tle, whis-tle all the way. He'll

* Verse 4 can be omitted if it be desired to shorten the song.

J.B.C. & Co 13149.

V.1,2&4.* whistle, whistle, whistle, whis - tle, Whistle all the
V.3.

V.3. ... live - long day. The carman's children's whistle, whistle, whis - tle,
... ..

V.3. ... Whistling, drives dull care — a - way.
... ..

1, 2, 3. 4.

*The Refrain may be used as a Chorus, and, also in any case, the singer or singers can whistle wherever the word "whistle" occurs.
J.B.C & Co 13149.

THE WHISTLING CARMAN.

There is a carman jolly
 Goes whistling, whistling all the while,
 A foe to melancholy,
 He kills it with a happy smile.
 He'll whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistle all the live-long day.
 The carman's whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistling, drives dull care away.

Knights, ladies, squires and pages
 He'll whistle, whistle to his whim;
 Blithe birds in trees or cages
 Will tune their piping note to him.
 He'll whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistle all the live-long day
 The carman's whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistling, drives dull care away.

The carman's wedding party
 Was fifteen years come first of June;
 Now children hale and hearty
 Take up the carman's whistling tune.
 They'll whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistle all the live-long day
 The children's whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistling, drives dull care away.

From London Town to Devon
 The carman's name is famed to-day;
 And when he goes to Heaven,
 He'll whistle, whistle all the way.
 He'll whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistle all the live-long day
 The carman's whistle, whistle, whistle,
 Whistling, drives dull care away.

Harold Boulton.

Verse 4 can be omitted if it be desired to shorten the song.

No. 6.

Robin Hood.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

17th Century Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMMERVELL.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

Oh! Master Rob-in Hood was an
townsman's lot Robin
Hood we know as

arch-er of the wood, Maid Mar-ian, was his Queen; And
nev-er cared a jot, For he roamed the for-est free; What he
Rob-in Good-fel-low, And his men are elves in green. Little

ten times ten were his merry merry men, All hab-i-ted in Lin-coln green. Little
killed he ate, he was fearless of the great, And he succour'd those of low de-gree. If the
John, Friar Tuck, are Ar-i-el and Puck, Maid Marian's the Fai-ry Queen. Then at-

mf

John, Fri-ar Tuck, brought him fellow-ship and luck, And they lived a life of right good rich showed greed, he stole the poor to feed, Till— Earl and Abbott quaked with - tune your mood to the magic of the wood, When the lit - tle birds are sing - ing

cheer; You might hear Robin's horn on a midsummer morn At the
fear; Whether cler - ic or lay, they would scamper a-way, For he
clear, And you'll hear Robin's horn on a midsummer morn At the

chas - ing of the King's red deer. You might hear Robin's horn on a
chased them like the King's red deer. Whether cler - ic or lay they would
chas - ing of the King's red deer. And you'll hear Robin's horn on a

midsummer morn At the chasing of the King's red deer.
scamper a-way, For he chased them like the King's red deer.
midsummer morn At the chasing of the King's red deer.
2. But for the
3. Now Robin

ROBIN HOOD.

Oh! Master Robin Hood was an archer of the wood,
Maid Marian was his Queen;
And ten times ten were his merry merry men,
All habited in Lincoln Green.
Little John, Friar Tuck, brought him fellowship and luck,
And they lived a life of right good cheer;
You might hear Robin's horn on a midsummer morn
At the chasing of the King's red deer.

But for the townsman's lot Robin never cared a jot,
For he roamed the forest free;
What he killed he ate, he was fearless of the great,
And he succoured those of low degree.
If the rich showed greed, he stole the poor to feed,
Till Earl and Abbott quaked with fear;
Whether cleric or lay, they would scamper away,
For he chased them like the King's red deer.

Now Robin Hood we know as Robin Goodfellow,
And his men are elves in green;
Little John, Friar Tuck, are Ariel and Puck,
Maid Marian's the Fairy Queen.
Then attune your mood to the magic of the wood,
When the little birds are singing clear,
And you'll hear Robin's horn on a midsummer morn
At the chasing of the King's red deer.

Harold Boulton.

Summer is a-coming in.

No. 7.

(Sumer is icumen in.)

13th Century Words Modernised.
(Copyright)

13th Century Air.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

With a swing. *f*

VOICE. *f* Sum-mer is a -

PIANO. *f*

com - ing in, — Loud - ly sing cuc - koo; — Grow-eth seed and

blow - eth mead and spring - eth wood a - new. —

Sing cuc - koo! Ewe — bleat - eth af - ter lamb, Low'th

af - ter calf the cow; — Bul - lock starteth, Buck to fern go'th, mer - rying cuc -

- koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Well singst thou cuc - koo, — Nor

cease thou ev - er now. *rall.*

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

Summer is a-coming in,
 Loudly sing cuckoo;
 Groweth seed and bloweth mead
 And springeth wood anew.
 Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
 Low'th after calf the cow;
 Bullock starteth, buck to fern go'th,
 Merry sing cuckoo!
 Cuckoo! cuckoo!
 Well singst thou cuckoo,
 Nor cease thou ever now.

*13th Century words modernised.
 (Copyright)*

SUMER IS ICUMEN IN.

Sumer is icumen in
 Lhude sing cuccu,
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
 And springth the wde nu.
 Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Louth after calve cu;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
 Murie sing cuccu!
 Cuccu! cuccu!
 Wel singes thou cuccu,
 Ne swik thu naver nu.

Original Words

We Three Kings.

No. 8.

Words by
J. H. HOPKINS. (1820 - 1873)

Air by J. H. HOPKINS. (1820-1873)
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Moderato

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

We three kings of

O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - versè a - far

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The voice part is written on a single staff, and the piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - versè a - far'. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der

p star. O ——— star of won-der! Star of night!

Star with roy-al beau-ty bright! West-ward lead-ing,

rall. still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

WE THREE KINGS.

We three kings of Orient are,
 Bearing gifts we traverse afar
 Field and fountain,
 Moor and mountain,
 Following yonder star.

O star of wonder! Star of night!
 Star with Royal Beauty bright!
 Westward leading, still proceeding,
 Guide us to Thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
 Gold I bring to crown Him again;
 King for ever,
 Ceasing never
 Over us all to reign.

O star, etc:

Frankincense to offer have I,
 Incense owns a Deity high;
 Prayer and praising
 All men raising
 Worship Him God on High.

O star, etc:

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
 Sorrowing, sighing,
 Bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star, etc:

Glorious now, behold Him arise
King and God and Sacrifice;
 Heaven sings Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah the earth replies.

O star, etc:

J. H. Hopkins.
 (1820 - 1873)

The Bonnie Banks o' Binorie*.

No. 9.

Old Scots Song
With traditional words re-edited. [Copyright]
Gaelic translation
by NEIL SHAW.

Traditional Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante. *p*

VOICE

1. By —
O's —
2. 'Twas
Dheal

PIANO

yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie brae Where the
àl - uinn na brua - chan 's na braigh - ean mu'n cuairt, 'Sa ghrian
there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the
- aich sinn an còs - ag 'sa ghleannan as boidhche, Air bruach -

* This song is usually ruined by sentimentality,— singers vying with one another as to who can break the rhythm most effectually, by the interpolation of pauses and rallentandos,— in fact by the use of all the tricks of the amateur and of the second rate professional.

sun shines bright on Bi - no - - - rie, Where
 dearrs adh nuas air Beinn - Or - - - aidh, Bu shon
 steep, steep side o' Bi - no - - - rie, Where all
 - an corr - ach, ceò - thach Bheinn Or - - - aidh, Beanntan

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the
 - a bha sinn òg, _____ a' mir - eag - aich gun ghò Mu bhruach.
 pur - - ple - hued _____ the Hie land hills we viewed, And the
 gaidh - - 'lach chit' _____ fo fhraoch-bhrat meal - lach, min, 'Sa gheal -

bonnie, bonnie banks o' Bi - nor - - - ie - *p* Oh!
 - an àluinn, boid - heach Bheinn Or - - - aidh Oh!
 moon comin' out in her glo - - - ry.
 - ach tigh'nn'a nios thar Beinn - Or - - - aidh.

Ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot - land a -
 theid thus an t-ard - an, is theid mis' an còmh - nard, Is bidh mis' an Alb - ainn 'gad

- fore ye; But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the
 chòmh - ail; Ach mis - e is mo ghràdh cha choinnich sinn gu bràth Air

After 3rd Verse. (For which see separate words).
 bonnie, bonnie banks o' Bi - nor - ie.
 bruachan bòidheach, àlu - inn Bheinn - Or - aidh.

rall.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' BINORIE.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie brae
 Where the sun shines bright on Binorie,
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Binorie—
 Oh! Ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
 But me and my true love will neve meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Binorie.

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Binorie,
 Where all purple-hued the Hieland hills we viewed
 And the moon comin' out in her glory.
 Oh! Ye'll tak, etc.

Now wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
 But the heart when it breaks nae joy in simmer takes,
 Though the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.
 Oh! Ye'll tak, etc.

Old Scots Song. With Traditional
 words re-edited.
 (Copyright.)

BEINN ORAIDH.

O's àluinn na bruachan 's na bràighean mu'n cuairt,
 'S a' ghrian dearrsadh nuas air Beinn-Oraidh;
 Bu shona bha sinn òg, a' mireagaich gun gho
 Mu bhruachan àluinn, bòidheach Bheinn-Oraidh.

O theid thusa 'n t-àrdan is theid mis' an còmhnaidh
 Is bidh mis' an Albainn 'gad chòmhaile;
 Ach mise is mo ghràdh cha choinnich sinn gu brath
 Air bruachan bòidheach, àluinn Bheinn-Oraidh.

Dhealaich sinn an cosag 'sa ghleannan as boidhche,
 Air bruachan corrach, ceòthach Bheinn-Oraidh;
 Beanntan Gàidhealach chit' fo fhraoch-bhrat meallach, min,
 'Sa ghealach tigh'nn a nios

Fasaidd flùran annsail is seinnidh 'n uiseag ghreannair,
 An lochan bidh 'san t-samhradh cho féathail;
 An cridhe briste, brùit' cha tig Céitein air as ùr,
 Ach is eiginn dhuinn le tùrsa bhi geilleadh.

Gaelic translation
 by NEIL SHAW.

Itinerant Singers of old would vary the local colouring of songs as they travelled from place to place. This song was not very generally known until its appearance earlier in "Songs of the North" when I deliberately chose "Loch Lomond" from other variants. I now think, because of the rhyme, that "Binorie" is the most natural, and so have here given this alternative with other alterations of words to suit. It is interesting to note that all of my own emendations, including an entirely new line in one of the verses, have been faithfully copied in most other editions of the song since mine appeared. This edition might meet with the same fate but for the intimation that it is copyright. I still omit as inferior in quality and not belonging to the song originally, a fourth verse which would give it a Jacobite turn. As to the refrain, it has often been suggested that the "Low Road" as contrasted with the "High Road" means the road through the under-world that disembodied spirits are fabled to take. Mr. Alexander Keith, Aberdeen, a high authority on the subject, insists that "Binorie" should be used instead of "Binnorie," which was Sir Walter Scott's version, and which certainly threw the accent on the wrong syllable. The Rev. Severne Majendie, formerly Chaplain to a former Duke of Buccleuch, writes to tell me that Lady John Scott, authoress and composer of the modern edition of "Annie Laurie," who died in 1892, and who was a fine singer of and authority on Scots songs always sang this song as "The Bonnie Banks o' Binorie".

H.B.

No. 10.

Leezie Lindsay.

Words Traditional.

Traditional Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

With spirit. *mf*

VOICE

1. Will ye gang to the Hielans, Leezie Lindsay? Will ye
gang to the Hielans wi' you, sir, I

PIANO *mf*

gang to the Hielans wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hielans, Leezie
din - na ken how that may be, For I ken na' the lan' that ye

1. Lindsay, My bride and my darlin' to be?
live in, Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun

2. To

2. *f* [4th verse faster]

wi' 3. O Lee - zie, lass,
kilt - ed her

ye maun ken lit - tle, If sae be that ye din - na ken me, For my
skirts o' green sat - in, She has kilt - ed them up to the knee, And she's

name is Lord Ronald Mac - Donald, A chieftain of high de -
aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac - Donald, His bride and his dar - lin' to

1. 2.
- gree. 4. She has be. _____

LEEZIE LINDSAY

Will ye gang to the Hielans, Leezie Lindsay?
 Will ye gang to the Hielans wi' me?
 Will ye gang to the Hielans, Leezie Lindsay?
 My bride and my darlin' to be?

To gang to the Hielans wi' you, sir,
 I dinna ken how that may be,
 For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
 If sae be that ye dinna ken me,
 For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 A chieftain of high degree.

She has kilted her skirts o' green satin,
 She has kilted them up to the knee,
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 His bride and his darlin' to be.

Traditional.

Turn Ye to Me.

O, TIONNDAIDH RIUM.

No. 11.

Words by
Professor JOHN WILSON (Christopher North)
1785 - 1854.
Gaelic Translation by NEIL SHAW.

Highland Air arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

VOICE

1. The stars are shin ing cheer - i - ly,
Tha reul a' dearrs - adh lainn - ear - each,
2. The waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly,
Tha tuinn a' danns - adh aigh - ear - ach,

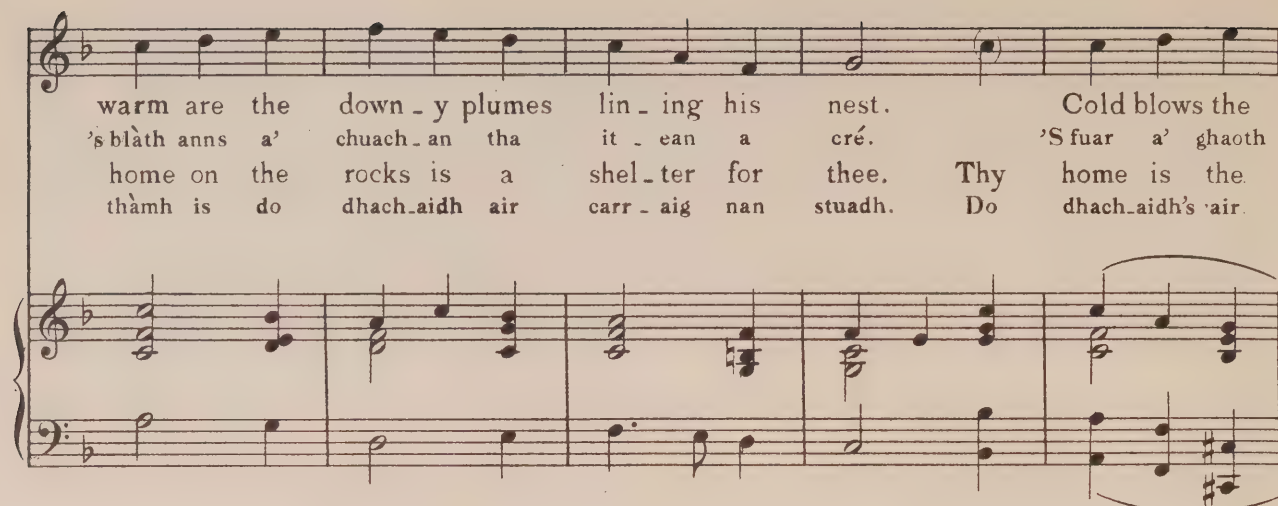
PIANO

cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, Turn ye — to me. The
lainn - ear - each, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhuh, O tionn - daidh rium. Tha'n
mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, Turn ye — to me. The
aigh - ear - ach, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhuh, O tionn - daidh rium. Tha'n

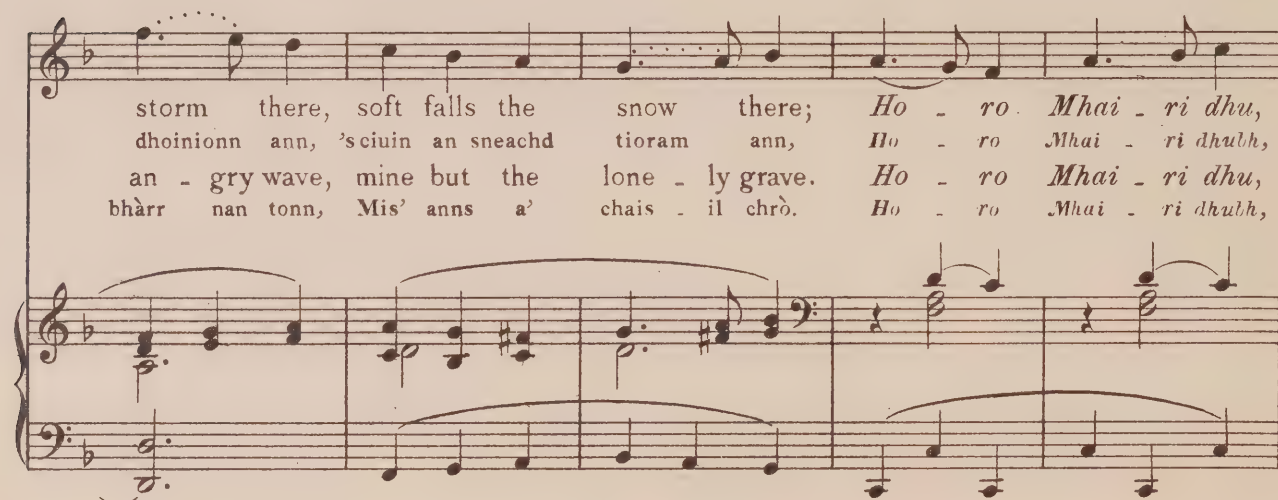
sea - mew is moan - ing, drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly,
 fhaoil - eag a' guileag - aich, mula - a - dach, mula - a - dach,
 sea - birds are wail - ing, wear - i - ly, wear - i - ly,
 'n eun - laith a' tuir - eadh airs - neul - ach, airs - neul - ach,

Ho - ro Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye — to me.
 Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhubh, O tionn - daidh rium.
 Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, Turn ye — to me.
 Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhubh, O tionn - daidh rium.

Cold is the storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast; But
 'S fuar a' ghaoth chruaidh a tha bual - adh a sgéith; Ach
 Hushed be thy moan - ing lone bird of the sea, Thy
 Sàmh - ach biodh t'iar - gain a shìth - eoin a' chuain; Do



warm are the down - y plumes lin - ing his nest. Cold blows the
 's blath anns a' chuach - an tha it - ean a cré. 'S fuar a' ghaoth
 home on the rocks is a shel - ter for thee. Thy home is the
 thàmh is do dhach - aith air carr - aig nan stuadh. Do dhach - aith's air.



storm there, soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu,
 dhoinionn ann, 'sciun an sneachd tioram ann, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhulh,
 an - gry wave, mine but the lone - ly grave. Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu,
 bhàrr nan tonn, Mis' anns a' chais - il chrò. Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhulh,



1. Turn ye — to me. me.
 O tionn - daidh rium. rium.
 2. Turn ye — to
 O tionn - daidh

TURN YE TO ME.

The stars are shining, cheerily, cheerily,
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.
 The sea-mew is moaning, drearily, drearily,
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.
 Cold is the storm-wind that ruffles his breast,
 But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest.
 Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there;
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing, merrily, merrily,
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.
 The sea-birds are wailing, wearily, wearily,
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.
 Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea;
 Thy home on the rocks is a shelter for thee.
 Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave.
Horo Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.

Professor Wilson.
 (Christopher North.)
 1785—1854.

O TIONNDAIDH RIUM.

Tha reul a' dearrsadh lainnearach, lainnearach,
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.
 Tha'n fhaoileag a' guileagaich muladach, muladach,
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.
 'S fuar a' ghaoth chruidh a tha bualadh a sgéith,
 Ach 's blàth anns a' chuachan tha itean a cré;
 'S fuar a' ghaoth dhoinnann ann,
 'S ciùin an sneachd tiorm ann,
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.

Tha tuinn a' dannsadh aighearach, aighearach,
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.
 Tha 'n eunlaith a' tuireadh airsneulach, airsneulach,
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.
 Sàmhach biodh t'iargain a shith-eoin a' chuain;
 Do thàmh is do dhachaidh air carraig nan stuadh.
 Do dhàchaidhs' air bhàrr nan tonn,
 Mis' anns a' chaisil chrò.
Horo Mhairi Dhubh, O tionndaidh rium.

Gaelic translation
 by NEIL SHAW.

Glenlogie.

No. 12.

Old Scots Ballad.

Old Scots Melody

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Moderato

VOICE

1. Three score o' nobles rade
2. "Haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get

PIANO

non legato

to the King's ha', But bonnie Glen-logie's the flower o' them a'. Wi' his
bet-ter than he." "Oh! Say na sae, mith-er, for that can-na be; Though

milk - white steed and his bonnie black e'e, "Glen-logie, dear mith-er, Glen-logie for me."
Drum - lie is richer and greater than he, Yet if I maun wed him, I'll certainly dee."

1 2 *p*

3. When he cam' to Glen_fel_dy's door,
Pale and wan was she when Glen.

sma'mirth was there. For bon_nie Jean's mith_er was_ reiv_in' her hair. "Ye're
-lo_gie gaed ben, But red ro_sy grew she when e'er he sat down. She

wel _ come, Glen_lo_gie, Ye're wel _ come" said she, "Ye're wel_come Glen_lo_gie, Your
turned_a_wa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e, "Oh! Din_na fear, mith'er, I'll

1 2

Jean_nie to see"
may_be no dee"

GLENLOGIE.

Threescore o' nobles rade to the king's ha,
 But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a;
 Wi' his milkwhite steed, and his bonnie black e'e,
 'Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!'

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."
 "O say na sae, mither, for that canna be;"
 "Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,"
 "Yet if I maun lo'e him, I'll certainly dee."

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
 "Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"
 "O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,"
 "Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "Wash and go dine";
 'Twas "Wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
 "O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall
 be mine,"
 "To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine."

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
 The first line he read, a low smile ga'e he;
 The next line he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
 But the last line he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;"
 "Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae town;"
 But lang ere the horse was brought round to the green,
 Oh! Bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, sma' mirth was
 there;
 Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben,
 But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
 She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e:
 "O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

Old Scots Ballad.

No. 13.

The Piper o' Dundee.

* Words written
about 1715.

Tune older than the Words.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Quickly. *p*

VOICE. The piper cam' to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, The

PIANO *p*

mf

pi - per cam' to our toun And he play'd bon - nie - lie. He

play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae' yont the seas, And

mf

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system shows the voice part starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'The piper cam' to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, The'. The piano accompaniment begins with a rest, then plays a series of chords. The second system continues the voice part with 'pi - per cam' to our toun And he play'd bon - nie - lie. He' and the piano part with a long note. The third system continues the voice part with 'play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae' yont the seas, And' and the piano part with a long note. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The tempo is marked 'Quickly.'.

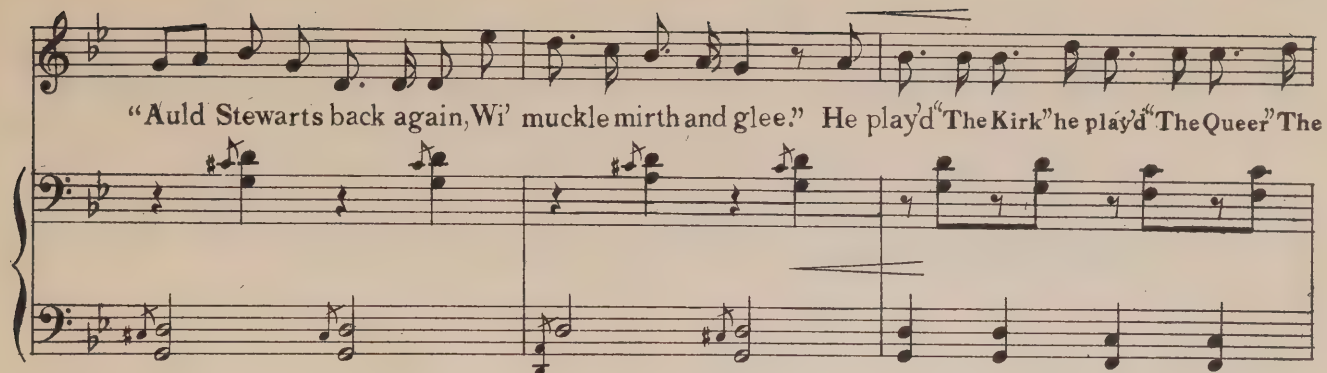
* Said to have been written in derision of one Carnegie of Pinhaven who kept on altering his political tune from Whig to Jacobite and back again. He is said to have fled from Sheriffmuir in 1715. J.B.C & Co 13149.

then he gied his bags a wheeze, And play'd a - ni - ther key. And

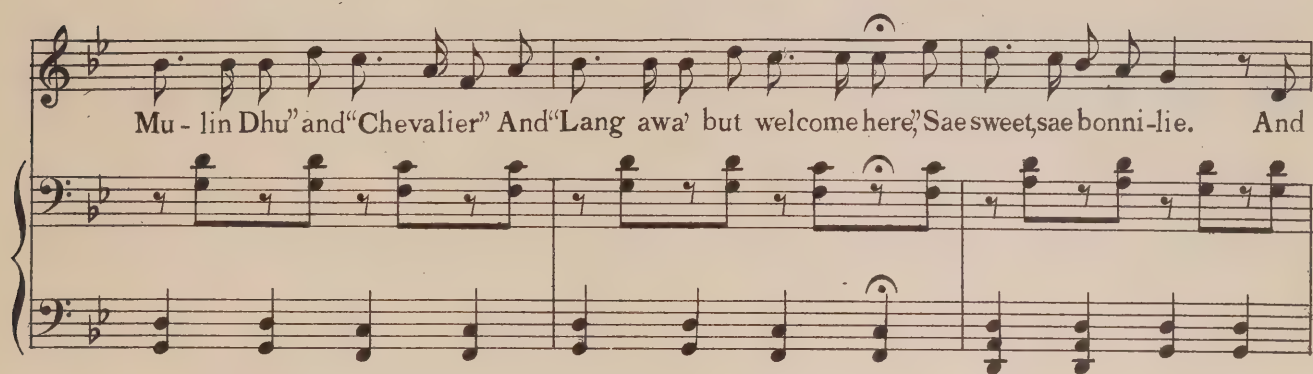
was - na he a ro - guey, a ro - guey, a ro - guey, And

was - na he a ro - guey, The pi - per o' Dun - dee? He

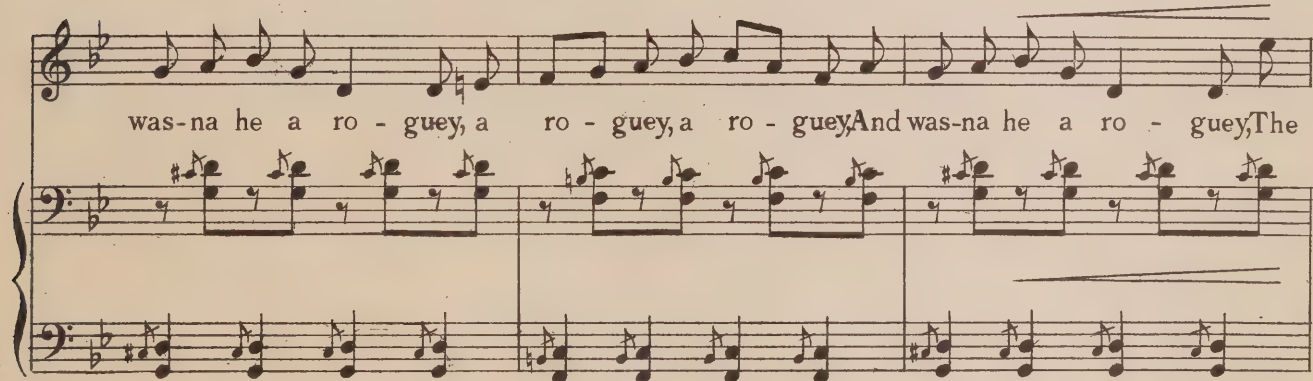
play'd the "Welcome ower the main" And "Yese be fou and I'se be fain" And The



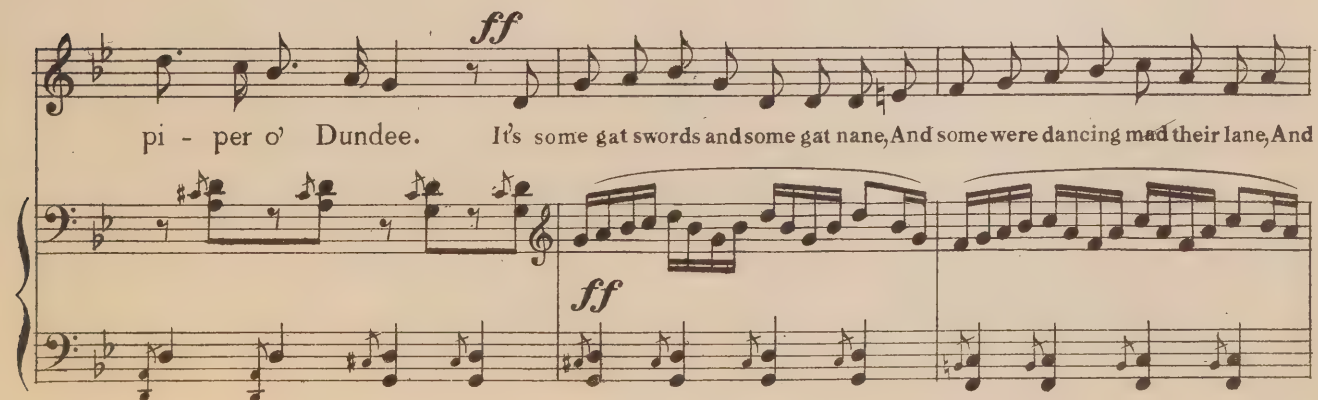
"Auld Stewarts back again, Wi' muckle mirth and glee." He play'd "The Kirk" he play'd "The Queer" The



Mu - lin Dhu" and "Chevalier" And "Lang awa' but welcome here," Sae sweet, sae bonni-lie. And



was-na he a ro - guey, a ro - guey, a ro - guey, And was-na he a ro - guey, The



ff
pi - per o' Dundee. It's some gat swords and some gat nane, And some were dancing mad their lane, And

ff

mony a vow o' weir was ta'en That nicht at A - mul-rie. There was

The first system of the musical score for 'The Piper of Dundee'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'mony a vow o' weir was ta'en That nicht at A - mul-rie. There was'.

Tul - li-bar-dine and Burleigh, And Stru-an. Keith and O - gil - vie, And

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Tul - li-bar-dine and Burleigh, And Stru-an. Keith and O - gil - vie, And'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

brave Carnegie, wha but he? The pi-per o' Dundee. And was-na he a ro - guey, a

faster

The third system of the musical score. The tempo is marked *faster*. The lyrics are 'brave Carnegie, wha but he? The pi-per o' Dundee. And was-na he a ro - guey, a'. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *faster* in the right hand.

ro - guy, a ro - guey, And was-na he a ro - guey, The pi - per o' Dundee?

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'ro - guy, a ro - guey, And was-na he a ro - guey, The pi - per o' Dundee?'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

The piper cam' to our toun, to our toun, to our toun,
 The piper cam' to our toun
 And he played bonnielie.
 He played a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae' yont the seas,
 And then he gied his bags a wheeze,
 And played anither key.
 And wasna he a roguey, a roguey, a roguey,
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o' Dundee?

He played the "Welcome ower the main"
 And "Yese be fou and I'se be fain"
 And "The Auld Stewarts back again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
 He played "The Kirk" he played "The Queer"
 The "Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier"
 And "Lang awa' but welcome here,"
 Sae sweet, say bonnilie.
 And wasna he a roguey, a roguey, a roguey,
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o' Dundee?

It's some gat swords and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
 That nicht at Amulrie.
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith and Ogilvie,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he?
 The piper o' Dundee.
 And wasna he a roguey, a roguey, a roguey,
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o' Dundee?

Words written about 1715.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

No. 14.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.
(1779-1852)

* Scottish or Irish Air arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Slowly.

VOICE

PIANO

p

1 Oft in the stilly night, ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,
2 When I re-mem-ber all the friends so link'd to-ge-ther,

Fond mem-'ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me, The
I've seen a-round me fall like leaves in win-ter weath-er, I

* Noted by Moore as a "Scotch" Air.

smiles, the tears of child-hood's years, The words of love then spo-ken, The
feel like one who treads a-lone some ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheer-ful heart now bro-ken.
lights are fled, whose gar-lands dead, And all but me de-part-ed.

Thus in the stillly night ere slum-ber's chain has bound-me,
Thus in the stillly night ere slum-ber's chain has bound-me,

Fond mem-'ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me.
Sad mem-'ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, the cheerful heart now broken.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but me departed.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.
(1779 - 1852)

No. 15.

THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

(OR YOUNG DENIS)

*English words by HAROLD BOULTON.**Old Irish Air**Irish translation by DR DOUGLAS HYDE.**Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.**Moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

mp

O-ver the

mp

hill young Den-is fol-lows the deer, Hound, horn and

agitato.

By arrangement with
 "Songs of the Four Nations."

(J.B.C. & Co 10,527.)

hunt - ing spear to bring him to bay; Soar - ing a -

- loft in heaven the lark car - ols clear, Green waves the

leaf - y wood, for to - morrow's May - day. Loud rings his
f
una corda.

horn all the day from the hill to the sea, Faint far a -
p
f

- way thro' the wood till the fall of the night; Wea - ry he

p *pp* *pp*

tre corde.

rests with his hounds'neath the hol - low oak tree, Fool - ish he

rall.

rall.

sinks in - to sleep by the sil - ver moon - light.

p
Fair - er than

mor - tal, rose a maid from the briar, Sing - ing a

song more sweet than mor - tal can tell; Touched him on

brow and lip with kiss - es of fire, Gave him to

drink the wine of ma - gi - cal spell. *p* Swift to the

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a melodic phrase for 'drink the wine of ma - gi - cal spell.' followed by a rest and then 'Swift to the'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and triplets, and a left hand with a simple bass line. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

dance of the fair - ies she bore him a - way, *f* Crowned him her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'dance of the fair - ies she bore him a - way,' followed by a rest and then 'Crowned him her'. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns and a steady left hand. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present.

lov - er, and king of the mad re - vel -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with 'lov - er, and king of the mad re - vel -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, ending with a final chord. The key signature remains B-flat major.

ry; Dead lay his hounds on the sward at the dawn of May:

p

rall.

p

day, Gone was young Den - is that slept 'neath the hol - low oak

rall.

rall.

tree.

THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

Or YOUNG DENIS.

Over the hill young Denis follows the deer,
Hound, horn, and hunting spear to bring him to bay;
Soaring aloft in heaven the lark carols clear,
Green waves the leafy wood, for to-morrow's Mayday.
Loud rings his horn all the day from the hill to the sea,
Faint far away through the wood till the fall of the night;
Weary he rests with his hounds 'neath the hollow oak tree,
Foolish he sinks into sleep by the silver moonlight.

Fairer than mortal rose .a maid from the brier,
Singing a song more sweet than mortal can tell,
Touched him on brow and lip with kisses of fire,
Gave him to drink the wine of magical spell.
Swift to the dance of the fairies she bore him away,
Crowned him her lover, and king of the mad revelry;
Dead lay his hounds on the sward at the dawn of Mayday,
Gone was young Denis that slept 'neath the hollow oak tree.

Over the hill a horn the forester hears,
When leaves are waving green and to-morrow's Mayday;
Leading the dance at night a maiden appears,
Linked with a huntsman clad in gallant array.
Masterless now are his cattle that low on the hill,
Sad his companions that wonder and wait him in vain,
Bowed in the ashes his mother, that mourns for him still,
Back to the sunlight young Denis comes never again.

HAROLD BOULTON.

DINIS OG AG FIADHACH.

Chuaidh Dinis amach air na sléibhtibh air lorg na bhfiadh,
Le n-a choin a's a stoc a's a sgian 's a shleigh ann a láimh
'S budh bhinn leis 'sna neulltaibh shuas an fhuisceoigín liath,
Air maidin láé Bealtaine 'g gabhail a h-abhráin go sáimh
Do mhúsgail sé fuaim na macalla go meadrach 's go binn,
O chrann agus carraig, ó shliabh ó chnoc agus gleann,
Nó gur chodlúigh an laoch, 's é tuirseach de'n fhiadhach, ann sin,
Faoi sholas na gealaigh' leis féin, 's é faoi sgáile na g-crann.

D' eirigh ó sgeich le n-a thaoibh-sean an réultan mná,
Budh bhíne an ceol ann a beul 'na caoin-chláirseach na sídh,
Do phóig sí a mhála go minic le pógaibh grádh,
Agus leag sí a droigheacht go trom air a chliabh 's a chroidhe.
Ag ringce na sídh-bhean do rug sí an laoch, le mian.
'S chuir fáinne de 'n ór air a mheur agus cróin air a cheann,
Bhí a choin uile marbh air maidin trá d'eirigh an ghrian,
A's Dinis óg imthighthe a's radarc, faoi sgáile na g-crann.

Gach Bealtaine séidtheas an stoc sin, stoc Dinis, 's an ngleann,
Agus cluintear an fhuaim ann san gcoill sin Lá Bealtaine Buidhe
Agus cidhtear óg-mhaighdean ag ringce faoi dhuileabhar na g-crann
'S fear-seilge léithe, 's is iongantach áluinn í.
Tá anois a chuid eallaigh gan aodhaire leo féin air an gcnoc,
Is brónach 'sna dhiaigh anois a lucht cumainn a's graidh,
Tá a mhathair 'g fás liath le súil do bheith 'g eisteacht a stoic,—
Acht ní fheicfidhear Dinis 'san t-saoaghal so choidche go bráth.

Dr DOUGLAS HYDE

The Meeting of the Waters.

No. 16.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.
(1779-1852.)

Old Irish Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante sostenuto. *p*

VOICE

1. There is not in the wide world a
2. Yet it was not that na- - ture had

PIANO *p*

val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet, Oh! The
shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green, 'Twas

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is 'Andante sostenuto' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). The key signature has four flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The voice part begins with a repeat sign and a fermata. The piano part also begins with a repeat sign and a fermata. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score is arranged in two systems, with the piano part continuing below the voice part in the second system.

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part *p* Ere the
not her soft ma - gic of stream - let and hill, Oh!

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
no! It was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still. Oh

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
no! It was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still.

mf

3. 'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near, Who made

p *mf*

ev_ry dear scene of enchantment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of

nature improve, When we see them re_flected in look that we love, When we

p *p*

see them re_flect_ed in look that we love.

p *pp*

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! The last rays of feeling and life must depart
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet and hill,
 Oh no! It was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! How calm I could rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

Thomas Moore.

(1779—1852.)

Hunting the Hare.

No. 17.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG HUGHES. (19th Century)

English translation by HAROLD BOULTON.

(Prydydd Oenhedloedd Prydain.)

Air arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Presto

VOICE.

Who'll come hunt-ing the
Look! For life she is

PIANO.

f

hare, come fol-low, The air of morn-ing is fresh in the vale;
scam-pering, scur-ry-ing, Down the ditch by the din-gle she goes;

Through the gorse on the rock View—holloa! Thén huick! With hounds af-ter
Swift Re-li-a-ble, after her hur-ry-ing, Shaves her scut with the

speedy bob-tail. *ff* Fast as the wind, fly-ing fast-er and fast-er The
tip of his nose. Think of the joys, may they long have their us-es, Of

hounds and the hunt-ers are all on her track, Up the sheep walk we
Hunt-ing, good fel-low-ship, good cakes and ales, Choose for learn-ing, be-

might run past her, For there she'll cir-cle and dou-ble right back.
-sides nine Mus-es, Nine arts of ve-ne-ry cher-ished in Wales.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Who'll come hunting the hare, come follow,
 The air of the morning is fresh in the vale;
 Through the gorse on the rock view — holloa!
 Then huick! With hounds after speedy bob-tail.
 Fast as the wind, flying faster and faster,
 The hounds and the hunters are all on her track,
 Up the sheep walk we might run past her,
 For there she'll circle and double right back.

Look! For life she is scampering, scurrying,
 Down the ditch by the dingle she goes;
 Swift Reliable after her hurrying
 Shaves her scut with the tip of his nose.
 Think of the joys, may they long have their uses!
 Of Hunting, good fellowship, good cakes and ales,
 Choose for learning, besides nine Muses,
 Nine arts of venery cherished in Wales.

Translated by HAROLD BOULTON.

HELA'R SGYFARNOG.

Awn i hela'r ysgyfarnog,
 Dyma fore hyfryd, iach;
 Codwyd hi ar graig eithinog
 Hei! y cwn a'r gwta fach!
 Fel y gwynt, neu'n gynt na hynny,
 Gyda'r cwn a hithau'r awn;
 Ary ffrid wrth fynd i fyny
 Dyna iddi drofa iawn.

Am ei hywyd mae hi'n rhedeg
 Efo'r clawdd a godre'r llwyn:
 Wele filgi fel yn' hedeg,
 Dyna hi o flaen ei drwyn.
 Hir y byddo mewn cadwraeth
 Hela gyda gwledd a chân:
 O! am ddysgu naw helwriaeth
 Campau gwledig Cymru Lân!

CEIRIOG HUGHES: (19th Century).

No. 18.

David of the White Rock.

(Dafydd y Garreg Wen.)

Welsh Words by

CEIRIOG HUGHES (19th Century)

English Translation by

HAROLD BOULTON.

(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

Welsh Air Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Da - vid lay dy - ing, we
2. Won - drous and new was the

stood by his bed;
thing that he - fel.

Heard his last words ere spoke his bright spi - rit
Harp - string and voice spoke a ten - der fare -

fled. well: "Fare - well dear wife, but once
- well: "Home, Yn - is - more, could I

more while I live there, In - to of my
on - ly be there, Dust of the

hand - ling my harp pri - thee give."
Dru - ids would stir to my air."

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The piece ends with a final chord of B-flat major.

p
3. "Last night an an - gel ap -

- peared at my side, "Sing, Da - vid,

sing through the val - ley," he cried.

f

Thus far the bard, but this stave was his

last; On the wings of the mu - sic his

spi - rit had passed.

rall.

DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK.

(Dafydd y Garreg Wen.)

David lay dying, we stood by his bed;
Heard his last words ere his bright spirit fled.
"Farewell dear wife, but once more while I live
In to my handling my harp prithee give."

Wondrous and new was the thing that befel,
Harpstring and voice spoke a tender farewell;
"Home, Ynismore! Could I only be there"
"Dust of the Druids would stir to my air."

"Last night an angel appeared at my side,"
"Sing, David, sing through the valley, he cried."
Thus far the bard, but this stave was his last;
On the wings of the music his spirit had passed.

Translation by
Harold Boulton.
Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN.

'Roedd Dafydd yn marw, pan safwn yn fyd
I wyllo datodiad rhwng bywyd a byd:
"Hyd yma'r adduned, Anwylyd, ond moes
Im' gyffwrdd fy nhelyn yn niwedd fy oes."

Estynwyd y delyn, yr hon yn ddioed
Ollyngodd alawon na chlywsid erioed:
"O! cleddwch fi gartref yn hen Ynys Fôn,
Yn llwch y Derwyddon, a hon fyddo'r dôn:

"Neithwir mi glywais lais angel fel hyn
'Dafydd, tyr'd adref, a chware trwy'r Glyn'"
Yn swm yr hen delyn gogwyddodd ir ben
Ac angau rodd fywyd ei "Hên Garreg Wen."

Ceiriog Hughes (19th Century)

New Year's Eve.

N^o 19.

(NOS GALAN)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG HUGHES. (19th Century)

English translation by HAROLD BOULTON.

(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.)

Welsh Air Arranged by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro con brio

VOICE.

PIANO.

Cold the man without e-mo-tion, Fa la la la la la la la la,

Who for Wales has no de - vo - tion, Fa la la la la la

la la la. For the man whose love burns brightLy, Fa la la la la

la la la. May next year be gay and sprightLy,

Fa la la la la la la la la, la la la.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Cold the man without emotion Fa-la-la,
 Who for Wales has no devotion Fa-la-la,
 For the man whose love burns brightly,
 Fa-la-la,
 May next year be gay and and sprightly
 Fa-la-la,

 Cold the bills and far from cheering Fa-la-la,
 With the holidays appearing, Fa-la-la,
 Hear the wisdom of the ages, Fa-la-la,
 Don't spend more than all your wages.
 Fa-la-la.

 Cold the snow on Snowdon's bonnet Fa-la-la,
 Though there's plenty wool upon it, Fa-la-la,
 Cold the folk who will not bother, Fa-la-la,
 On New Year's Eve to greet each other,
 Fa-la-la.

Translated by HAROLD BOULTON.

Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.

NÔS GALAN.

Oer yw'r gwr sy'n methu caru	Fa - la - la
Hên fynyddoedd annwyl Cymru;	Fa - la - la
Iddo ef a'u car gynhesaf,	Fa - la - la
Gwyliau llawen flwyddyn nesaf.	Fa - la - la
I'r helbulus oer yw'r biliau	Fa - la - la
Sydd yn dyfod yn y gwyliau;	Fa - la - la
Gwrando bregeth mewn un pennill:	Fa - la - la
"Byth na waria fwy na'th ennill."	Fa - la - la
Oer yw'r eir ar eryri,	Fa - la - la
Er bod gwrthban gwlanen arni;	Fa - la - la
Oer yw'r bobol na ofalan'	Fa - la - la
Gwrdd â'i gilydd ar Nôs Galan.	Fa - la - la

CEIRIOG HUGHES. (19th Century)

No. 20.

Blow fair wind.

(V'la l'bon vent.)

Traditional French-Canadian words.
English version by HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional old French-Canadian Air
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

VOICE *Lively.* *f Refrain.*

Blow fair wind, Blow jol-ly wind,
V'la l'bon vent, V'la l'joli vent,

PIANO *mf*

Blow fair wind my love's a call-ing; Blow fair wind, Blow jol-ly wind,
V'la l'bon vent, ma mi' m'a-pel-le; V'la l'bon vent, V'la l'joli vent,

Blow fair wind she waits for me. O come and look out there be-yond! O
V'la l'bon vent, ma mi' m'at-tend. Der-rier chez nous y'at un e-tang! Der-

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The voice part begins with a 'Lively' tempo marking and a 'Refrain' section marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are in both French and English, with the French version in italics. The score is divided into three systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The piano line includes a double bar line with repeat dots, indicating a repeat section.

come and look out there be - yond! Three fine ducks swim_ming
-rier chez nous y'at un e - tang! Trois beaux ca - nards s'en

(Refrain.)

in a pond! Blow fair wind, Blow jol-ly wind, Blow fair wind my
vont baig-nant. V'la l'bon vent, V'la l'joli vent, V'la l'bon vent, ma

love's a call - ing, Blow fair wind, Blow jol-ly wind, Blow fair wind she
mi' m'a-pel - le, V'la l'bon vent, V'la l'joli vent, V'la l'bon vent, ma

Endings 1 to 6. Last ending.
waits for me.
mi' m'at - tend.

I.

Solo : O COME and look out there beyond,
Three fine ducks swimming in a pond.

Refrain.

Blow, fair wind,
Blow, jolly wind,
Blow, fair wind, my true love's calling ;
Blow, fair wind,
Blow, jolly wind,
Blow, fair wind, she waits for me,

II.

Solo : A hunting goes the King's own son,
He has his great big silver gun.

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

III.

Solo : He views the black, but kills the white,
O bad King's son, a sorry plight !

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

IV.

Solo : You killed my duck, O bad King's son,
Beneath her wing red blood doth run.

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

V.

Solo : Her eyes shed diamonds on the ground,
Her beak drops gold and silver around.

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

VI.

Solo : Her feathers float upon the breeze,
And three fine dames come gathering these.

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

VII.

Solo : A fine camp bed of these they make
For passers-by their rest to take.

Refrain : Blow, fair wind, etc.

[English version by Harold Boulton.]

I.

Solo : Derrièr' chez nous, y a-t-un étang,
Chœur : Derrièr' chez nous, y a-t-un étang,
Solo : Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.

Chœur.

V'la, l'bon vent,
V'la, l'joli vent,
V'la, l'bon vent, ma mi' m'appelle ;
V'la, l'bon vent,
V'la, l'joli vent,
V'la l'bon vent, ma mi' m'attend.

II.

Solo : Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Chœur : Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Solo : Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

III.

Solo : Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Chœur : Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Solo : Avec son grand fusil d'argent.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

IV.

Solo : Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Chœur : Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
Solo : Visa le noir tua le blanc.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

V.

Solo : Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Chœur : Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
Solo : O fils du roi, tu es méchant.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

VI.

Solo : O fils du roi, tu es méchant,
Chœur : O fils du roi, tu es méchant,
Solo : D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

VII.

Solo : Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Chœur : Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Solo : Par les yeux lui sort' des diamants.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

VIII.

Solo : Par les yeux lui sort' des diamants,
Chœur : Par les yeux lui sort' des diamants,
Solo : Et par le bec l'or et l'argent.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

IX.

Solo : Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Chœur : Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Solo : Toutes ses plum' s'en vont au vent.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

X.

Solo : Toutes ses plum' s'en vont au vent,
Chœur : Toutes ses plum' s'en vont au vent ;
Solo : Trois dam' s'en vont les ramassant.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

XI.

Solo : Trois dam' s'en vont les ramassant,
Chœur : Trois dam' s'en vont les ramassant ;
Solo : C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

XII.

Solo : C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Chœur : C'es pour en faire un lit de camp,
Solo : Pour y coucher tous les passants.

Chœur : V'la, l'bon vent, etc.

ENGLISH COUNTY SONGS

Words and Music Collected and Edited by

LUCY E. BROADWOOD and J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M.A., F.S.A.

BERKSHIRE.

- The Farmer's Daughter
- *The Berkshire Tragedy
- *The Farmer's Boy

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

- *The Prickly Bush
- A Dashing Young Lad from Buckingham

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

- Ground for the Floor

CHESHIRE.

- The Cheshire Man
- The Souling Song
- *The Keys of Heaven

CORNWALL.

- Adam and Eve

CUMBERLAND.

- *Sally Gray

DERBYSHIRE.

- *The Derby Ram
- The Spider

DEVONSHIRE.

- *The Green Bushes
- *The Loyal Lover
- *The Tree in the Valley

DORSETSHIRE.

- The Twelve Apostles
- I'm a Man that's done wrong to his Parents

DURHAM.

- The Collier's Rant

ESSEX.

- May-Day Carol

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

- Feast Song
- Shepherds' Song

HAMPSHIRE.

- The Servingman and the Husbandman
- My Bonnie, Bonnie Boy
- The Reaphook and the Sickie

HEREFORDSHIRE.

- A Virgin Unspotted

HERTFORDSHIRE.

- May-Day Carol
- As I walked out
- As I sat on a Sunny Bank

ISLE OF MAN.

- Mylecharane
- Ny Kirree Fo-Sniaghtey

KENT.

- John Appleby

LANCASHIRE.

- *King Arthur
- Peace-Egging Song, Nos. 1 and 2
- Green Gravel
- There was a Pig went out to Dig

LEICESTERSHIRE.

- I'll tell you of a fellow

LINCOLNSHIRE.

- Little Sir William
- Oats and Beans

MIDDLESEX.

- *Lazarus
- Farewell, my Joy and Heart
- Lavender Cries
- Tripping up the Green Grass

NORFOLK.

- *Green Broom
- Twenty, Eighteen

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

- In Bethlehem
- The Seeds of Love
- The Beautiful Damsel
- Lord Bateman

NORTHUMBERLAND.

- The Water of the Tyne
- Robbie Tamson's Smiddie
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- The Good Old Leathern Bottle
- The Thresher and the Squire
- *The Fly is on the Turmut

RUTLANDSHIRE.

- Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow

SHROPSHIRE.

- Cold blows the wind

SOMERSETSHIRE.

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- The Outlandish Knight
- *Young Herchard
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English.

AIR.

1. YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND ... By Dr. Calcott.
(*Thomas Campbell.*)
2. THOU WILT NOT GO AND LEAVE ME HERE ... Thou wilt not go and leave me here.
(Unknown.)
3. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN ... When the King enjoys his own again.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
4. CUPID'S GARDEN Cupid's Garden.
(Unknown.)
5. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND ... My Lodging it is on the cold ground.
(Unknown.)
6. OLD TOWLER Old Towler.
(Unknown.)
7. FLOODS OF TEARS Floods of Tears.
(Unknown.)
8. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER Pretty Polly Oliver.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
9. THREE RAVENS (THE) The Three Ravens.
(Unknown.)
10. HAPPY FARMER (THE) The Happy Clown.
(*Harold Boulton.*)

Cornish.

11. WHERE BE GOING? Where be going.
(Unknown.)

Scottish.

12. DOWN IN YON BANK Doune in yon banks.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
13. HERE'S TO THY HEALTH ... LAGGAN BURN.
(*Robert Burns.*)
14. OH! SHE'S BONNIE! Gently blaw ye Eastern breezes.
(Unknown.)
15. BLINK OVER THE BURN Blink over the Burn.
(*Robert Allan.*)
16. SCOTS WHA HAE Hey Tuttle Taitie.
(*Robert Burns.*)
17. MARY JAMIESON Mary Jamieson.
(Unknown.)
18. TWINE THE PLAIDEN Twine the Plaiden.
(Unknown.)
19. WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN? Will ye no come back again?
(*Lady Nairne.*)
20. IN YON GARDEN In yon garden.
(Unknown.)
21. WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT ... Were na my heart licht.
(*Lady Grisell Baille.*)

Highland.

22. ISLE OF THE HEATHER (THE) ... The Isle of the Heather.
(Gaelic—*M. Macleod.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
23. THE MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT ... The Mackintosh's Lament.
(Gaelic—Unknown. English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)

Welsh.

AIR.

24. OPENING OF THE KEY (THE) ... The Opening of the Key.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
25. SLENDER BOY (THE) ... The Slender Boy.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
26. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT ... All through the Night.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
27. DIMPLED CHEEK (THE) ... The Dimpled Cheek.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
28. BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON ... By the Waters of Babylon.
(English, Psalm cxxxvii. adapted by *Arthur Somervell.* Welsh paraphrase—*G. M. Probert.*)
29. GWENLLIAN Gwenllian.
(Welsh—*Nicholas Bennett.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
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(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
31. GWILYM AND ELLEN Gwilym and Ellen.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
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(Irish—*William Heffernan.* English adaptation—*F. A. Fahy.*)
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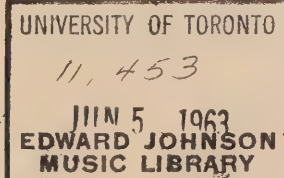
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OUR NATIONAL SONGS

(PREFACE)

THE countries comprised in the British Isles are pre-eminently rich in the beauty and variety of their national songs, and the Overseas Empire is already adding its quota.

The store available is continually growing, not only from new discoveries and new handlings of old material, but from the mellowing of new vintages into old. Brands that were new a century ago or even less become standard vintages. To take two instances:—the words of “Killarney” were written by Falconer and the music by Balfe. The latter died in 1870; the French words of “O Canada” were written by Judge Routhier and the music by Lavalee in 1880. Both these songs, like the songs of Dibdin, who died in 1814, have now become classic.

It would appear that the taste, both musical and literary, as to the form in which the public likes its national song presented to it, is continually altering and developing. The arrangements of early nineteenth century musicians are not so acceptable in the 20th century as they originally were. The lyrics of Moore, and even in some instances of Burns, begin to vanish from the melodies to which they were originally harnessed, to be replaced by others. In the latter case some of the poems of Burns written in the Lowland Scots language have, though beautiful in themselves, been divorced by purists from old Highland Melodies in favour of lyrics of Gaelic origin or Highland complexion.

But the good old melodies flow on, sonorous in their majesty or bewitching in their artless simplicity and charm, and, unless decay in patriotism or literary and musical taste reaches undreamed of depths of degradation, each decade will welcome successive attempts to display the old treasures in a suitable form.

Whoever misses some favourite melody from this collection must know that if it does not appear it is probably because a limit having been set to the number of songs in the volumes some lesser known melody has been inserted which in the opinion of the editors was worthy of inclusion.

The sole object of these volumes is to put into the hands of both old and young for their delectation some portion of our great national heritage of song.

HAROLD BOULTON.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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Charlie is my Darling

IRISH

O Bay of Dublin!
Sons of the Gael
The Snowy-breasted Pearl

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Sing me thy Song
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My little pretty One

1st. Verse Old English Words
2nd. Verse by HAROLD BOULTON

Tune time of Henry VIII.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Playfully

Voice *p*

Piano *mf*

1. My lit - tle

pret - ty one, My pret - ty ho - ney one, She is a
spite - ful - ly, Kiss - ing de - light - ful - ly, Lov - ing me

joy - ly one, And gen - tle as — can be;
right - ful - ly, She ev - er com - - - forts me;

With a beck she comes an - on, With a wink she

will be gone, No But doubt she loves is me a - lone
a - lone,

Of all that ev - - er I see.
So our state hap - - py must

1

2. Though she tease be.

p

2

My little pretty One

My little pretty one,
My pretty honey one,
She is a joyly one,
 And gentle as can be;
With a beck she comes anon,
With a wink she will be gone,
No doubt she is alone
 Of all that ever I see.

Though she tease spitefully,
Kissing delightfully,
Loving me rightfully,
 She ever comforts me;
With a beck she comes anon,
With a wink she will be gone,
But she loves me alone,
 So our state happy must be.

1st. Verse Old English Words
2nd. Verse by HAROLD BOULTON

A-hunting we will go

Poem by HENRY FIELDING
(1707-1754)

18th. Century Tune arr. by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro *f*

Voice

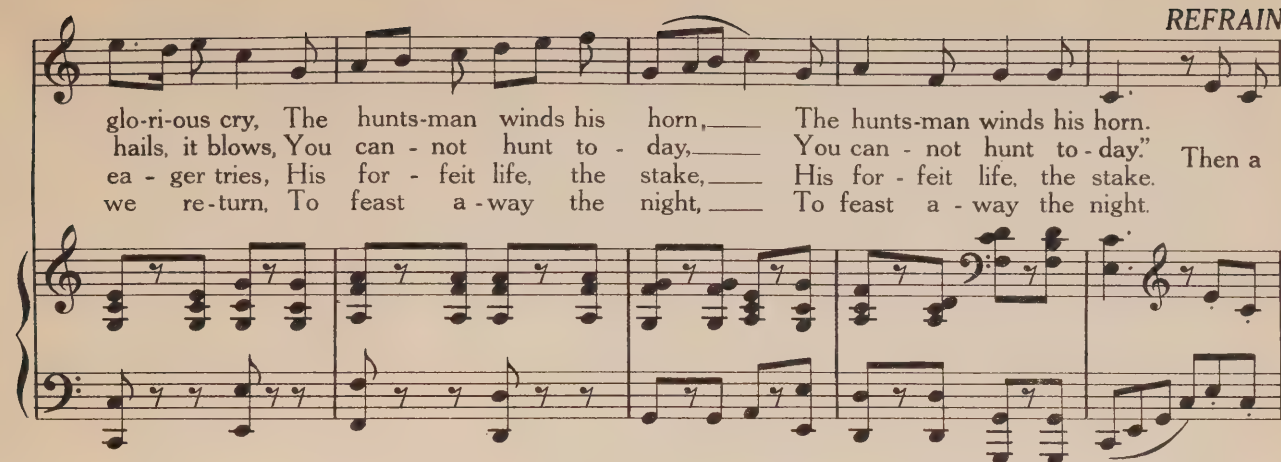
Piano *ff* L. H. *f*

1. The dus - ky night rides
2. The wife a - round her
3. Th' un - cav - ern'd fox like
4. At length his strength to

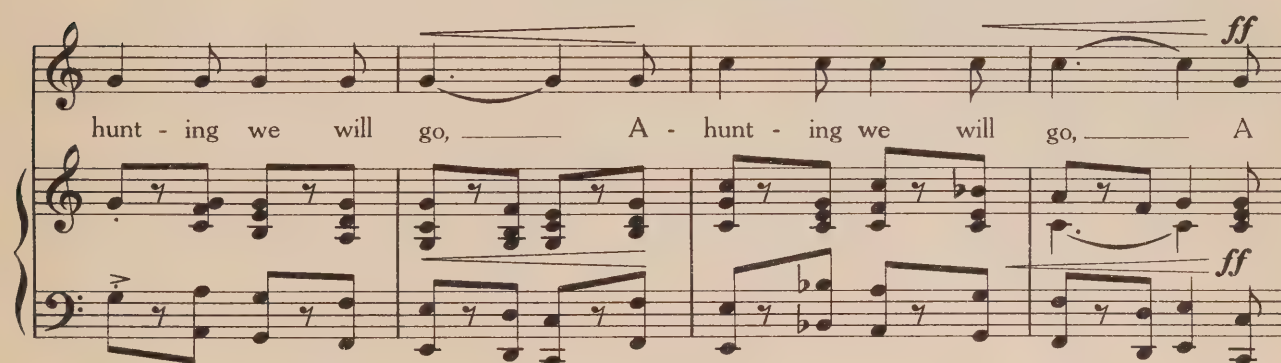
down — the sky, And ush - ers in — the morn; The
 hus - band throws Her arms to make him stay "My
 lighte - ning flies, His cun - ning's all a - wake; To
 faint - ness worn, The hounds a - vert his flight; Then

hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The hounds all join in
 dear! it rains, it hails, — it blows," "My dear! it rains, it
 gain the race he ea - ger tries, To gain the race he
 hun - gry home - ward we re - turn, Then hun - gry home - ward

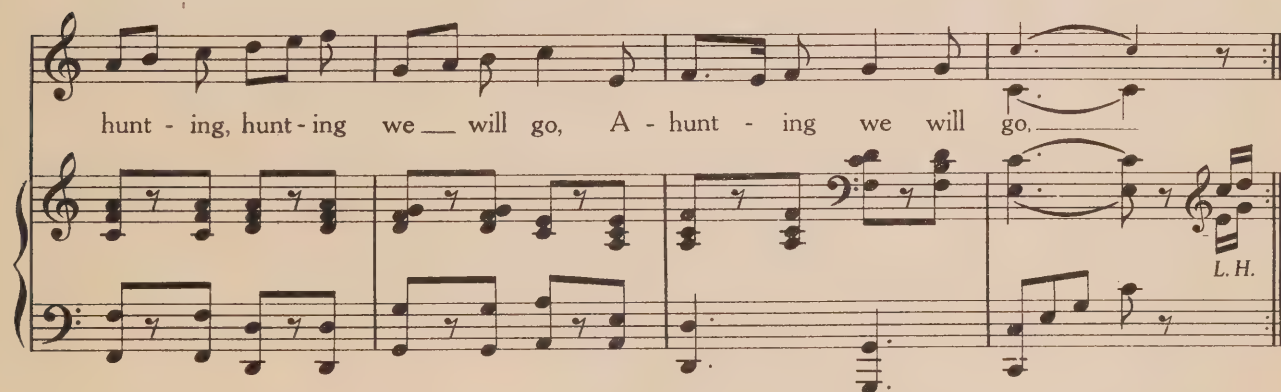
REFRAIN



glo-ri-ous cry, The hunts-man winds his horn, The hunts-man winds his horn.
hails, it blows, You can - not hunt to - day, You can - not hunt to - day." Then a
ea - ger tries, His for - feit life, the stake, His for - feit life, the stake.
we re - turn, To feast a - way the night, To feast a - way the night.



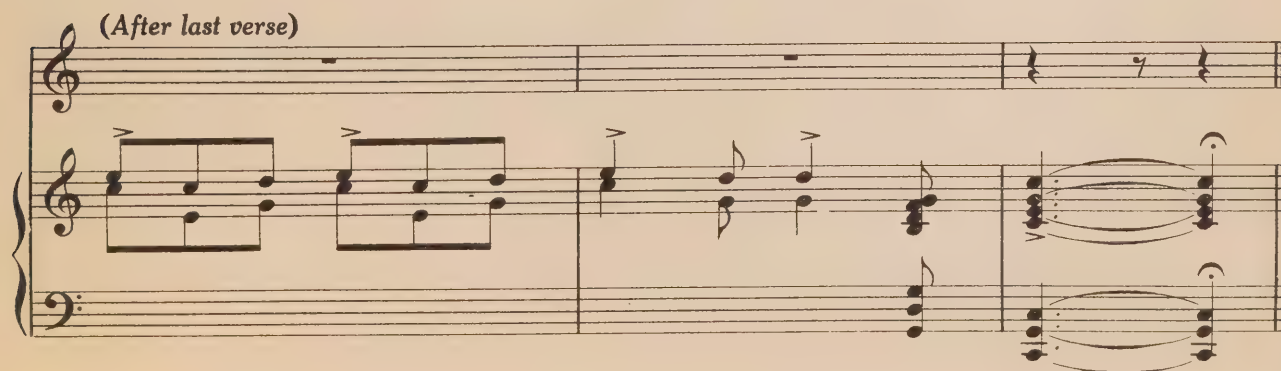
hunt - ing we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go, A



hunt - ing, hunt - ing we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go.

L. H.

(After last verse)



A-hunting we will go

The dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn;
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn,
 The huntsman winds his horn.

Then a hunting we will go,
 A hunting we will go.
 A hunting, hunting we will go,
 A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay
 "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows,"
 "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows,"
 "You cannot hunt today,"
 "You cannot hunt today."
 Then a hunting etc.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightening flies,
 His cunning's all awake;
 To gain the race he eager tries
 To gain the race he eager tries
 His forfeit life, the stake,
 His forfeit life, the stake.
 Then a hunting etc.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds avert his flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night,
 To feast away the night.
 Then a hunting etc.

Henry Fielding
 (1707 - 1754)

Now is the Month of Maying

Words 16th. Century

Air by Thomas Morley (1505)
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Very fast

Voice

Piano

f

1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing, Fa la
2. The Spring clad all in glad - ness Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad - ness, Fa la

f

(Repeat p)

la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la.

f

Each with his bon - ny lass, A danc - ing on the
 And to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their

grass.
ground. Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la.

(Repeat *p*) *f*

Fa la la la la. 3. Fye then, why sit ye

mus - - ing, Sweet youth's de-light's re - fus - - ing? Fa la

la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la.

p Say, dain - ty nymphs and sweet, Shall

p

we play bar - ley break? Fa la la la la,

(rall. 2nd. time) (Repeat *f*)

Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la.

(rall. 2nd. time)

Now is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of Maying,
 When merry lads are playing,
 Fa la la la la la la.
 Each with his bonny lass,
 A-dancing on the grass.
 Fa la la la la.

The Spring clad all in gladness
 Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,
 Fa la la la la la la.
 And to the bagpipe's sound
 The nymphs tread out their ground.
 Fa la la la la.

Fye then, why sit ye musing,
 Sweet youth's delight's refusing?
 Fa la la la la la la.
 Say, dainty nymphs and sweet,
 Shall we play barley break?
 Fa la la la la.

Words 16th. Century

The Mermaid

11

Words Traditional,

Old English Tune
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Jovially *mf*

Voice

f

Piano

1. One Fri - day morn, - when
2. Then up spoke the cap - tain of
3. And then up spoke the
4. Then three times round went

we — set — sail, And our ship not far from land, We —
our — gal - lant ship, Who at once our pe - ril did see, "I have
lit - tle cab - in boy, And a fair - haired boy was he; "I've a
our — gal - lant ship, And — — — three times round went she; For the

there did es - py — a — fair — pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her
mar - ried a wife in fair Lon - don town, And this night she a wi - dow will
fa - ther and mo - ther in fair Portsmouth town, And this night they will weep for —
want of a life - boat they all went down, As she sank to the bot - tom of the

CHORUS

hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 be, will be, will be, And this night she a wi - dow will be." While the
 me, for me, for me, And this night they will weep for me."
 sea, the sea, the sea, As she sank to the bot-tom of the sea.

ff

ra - ging seas did_ roar, And the stor - my winds did_ blow, And

we jol - ly sail - or boys were up_ up a-loft, And the land lub-bers ly - ing down be -

low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers ly-ing down be - low. low.

1, 2 & 3 4

sf

The Mermaid

One Friday morn, when we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand,

While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were up, up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."

While the raging etc.

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair haired boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."

While the raging etc.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a lifeboat they all went down,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.

While the raging etc.

Chanson Roland *

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional Air
(in Bodleian Library)
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Risoluto

Voice

Piano

f

ff

1. Ha - ro! Our cham - pion be, Rol - lol
2. Ha - ro! Bring vic - to - ry, Rol - lol

Rol - lol Pros - per our chiv - al - rie,
Rol - lol Smite Sax - on, earl, and churl,

* Invocation to the spirit of their ancestor Rollo or Roland addressed by Taillefer, the Bard, to the Normans under William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings, 1066. The minstrel perished in the thick of the fight. Chappell states that the original air is in the Bodleian Library, but as the words of the only poem extant (of later date than the tune) consist of four thousand verses, no effort has been made to deal with them.

Bend taut lay the bow. Blow thy horn
And lay them low. Now per - jur'd

mag - ic from Font - ar - ra - - bie,
Har - old shall suf - fer; *par - - dil*

As when our fa - thers won — Nor — — man —
"White Swan" shall wail for him, — *sans — — mer —*

1 die. 2 ci.

Chanson Roland

Haro! Our champion be,
 Rollo! Rollo!
 Prosper our chivalrie,
 Bend taut the bow.
 Blow thy horn magic from Fontarrabie,
 As when our fathers won Normandie.

Haro! Bring victory,
 Rollo! Rollo!
 Smite Saxon, earl, and churl,
 And lay them low.
 Now perjur'd Harold shall suffer: *pardil*
 "White Swan" shall wail for him, *sans merci*.

Harold Boulton

Come my lovely Lass

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON

17th. Century Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice

1. Come, my love-ly lass,
2. Come, my love-ly lass,

Piano

p

now that thou hast cho - sen, Coy - ly - doubt-ing days once for all are
full of joy ad - vanc - ing, Rich with grac - es as Spring is rich in

past;
flowers; Founts of ten - der - ness, in thy heart long fro - zen,
Come, my beau-teous Queen, fill with spell en - tranc - ing

Flow in melt-ing flood toward me at last. Mine thy
All that won-der-world which will be ours.

dim-pled cheek, blush-ing so de - mure - ly, Mine thy smile of love ban-ish-ing my

sighs, Mine the li - ly hand held in pledge se - cure - ly While I

look in - to thy star - like eyes.

Come my lovely Lass

Come my lovely lass, now that thou hast chosen,
Coyly - doubting days once for all are past;
Founts of tenderness, in thy heart long frozen,
Flow in melting flood toward me at last.

Mine thy dimpled cheek, blushing so demurely,
Mine thy smile of love banishing my sighs,
Mine the lily hand held in pledge securely,
While I look into thy star-like eyes.

Come my lovely lass, full of joy advancing,
Rich with graces as Spring is rich in flowers,
Come my beauteous Queen, fill with spell entrancing
All that wonder - world which will be ours.

Mine thy dimpled cheek, blushing so demurely,
Mine thy smile of love banishing my sighs,
Mine the lily hand held in pledge securely,
While I look into thy star-like eyes.

Harold Boulton

The Lincolnshire Poacher

Author of Words unknown.
(They have been attributed to Tom Hughes)

Revised by H. B.
(Copyright)

Author of Tune unknown
(It is the marching tune of the Lincolnshire Regiment)

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL

With a swing ***f***

Voice

1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice in

Piano ***f***

fam - ous Lin - coln - shire. Full well I served my mas - ter. For

more than sev - en long year. Till I took up with poach - ing As

you shall quick - ly hear For 'tis my de - light of a shin - ing night In the

sea - son of the year. For 'tis my de - light of a shin - ing night In the

sea - son of the year. 2. As

2. As me and my com-pan-i-ons
 Were a setting of a snare,
 The gamekeeper were watching us,
 For him we did not care.
 I knocks un out on a grassy bank
 And leaves un sleeping there.
 For tis my delight, etc.
- A milder edition is:-*
 I knocks him down and away he goes,
 Not much the worse for wear.
3. As me and my com-pan-i-ons
 Were a-setting four or five,
 And as we takes them up again
 We catches the hares alive.
 We catches the hares alive, my boys
 And thro' the woods did steer.
 For 'tis my delight, etc.

4. We throw'd 'em over our shoulders
 And then us trudged to town;
 We took 'em to a neighbour's house,
 And sold 'em for a crown.
 We sold 'em for a crown, my boys.
 I need not tell you where.
 For 'tis my delight, etc.

5. Success to every gentleman
 As lives in Lincolnshire.
 Success to every poacher
 As loves to set a snare.
 Bad luck to every gamekeeper
 As grudges us a hare.
 For 'tis my delight, etc.

*Words revised by Harold Boulton
 (Copyright)*

I believe that this song did not make its appearance till well on in the nineteenth century. The words have been attributed, but I know not on what authority, to the Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." If any excuse were needed for revising them it is to be found in the irrelevant way in which the song comes to an end in any edition which I have seen. H. B.

PRETTY POLLY OLIVER.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old English air arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f *mf*

O
"I

pret - ty Pol - ly Ol - i - ver, the pride of her sex, The
can - not rest sin - gle, nor false I'll not prove, So I'll

love of a gren - a - dier her poor heart did vex; He
list for a drum - mer - boy and fol - low my love, Peak

THIS IS ALSO PUBLISHED IN D AND E FLAT.

By arrangement from "Songs of the Four Nations"

J. B. C. & Co. 13661.

courted her so faith-ful in the good town of Bow, But marched off to
- cap, loop-èd jack-èt, white gait-ers and drum, And march-ing so

f marcato.

for-eign lands a fight-ing the foe.
man-ful-ly to my true love I'll come."

ff

'Twas the bat-tle of Blenheim, in a hot fu-si-lade, A

ff

poor lit-tle drummerboy was pri-son-er made, But a

brave gren - a - dier fought his way through the

foe, And fif - teen fierce Frenchmen to - ge - ther laid

ff

low. He

pp

bore the boy ten - der - ly in his arms as he

legato.

swooned, He o - pened his jack - et for to search for a

wound. *f* "O pret - ty Pol - ly Ol - i - ver, — my —

rall: bra - vest, my bride, Your true love shall nev - er more be

torn from your side."

f *rall:*

PRETTY POLLY OLIVER.

Oh! pretty Polly Oliver, the pride of her sex,
The love of a grenadier her poor heart did vex;
He courted her so faithful in the good town of Bow,
But marched off to foreign lands a fighting the foe.

"I cannot rest single, nor false I'll not prove,
So I'll list for a drummer boy and follow my love,
Peak cap, loopèd jacket, white gaiters and drum,
And marching so manfully to my true love I'll come."

'Twas the battle of Blenheim, in a hot fusilade,
A poor little drummer boy was prisoner made,
But a brave grenadier fought his way thro' the foe,
And fifteen fierce Frenchmen together laid low.

He bore the boy tenderly in his arms as he swooned,
He opened his jacket for to search for a wound;
"O pretty Polly Oliver, my bravest, my bride,
Your true love shall nevermore be torn from your side."

The birds they sang joyously in that far foreign land,
The drums beat triumphantly with bugle and band,
Said Marlborough, "Queen Anne, and all England shall hear,
How I wed Polly Oliver to the brave grenadier."

HAROLD BOULTON.

Ayont Yon Hill

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON

Scottish melody.
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto *p*

Voice

Piano

1. A - -
2. Oh - -

- yont yon hill the lass - ie bides, The lass - ie I lo'e
- had I wealth of gold and gear, Or fame the world can

weel, And gin I were a wand - 'ring wind A
give, I'd change them all for her bright smile That

By arrangement from "Songs of the North" Vol. II.

wa' bids to her I'd steal. Her hair's a wab of
me hope and live. In dool or joy what

saft est silk, Her face a den - ty flow'r; Her
e'er be fa. What e'er the weird - I dree, My

een like stars that glint sae mild At the melt - ing twi - light
je wel rare I'll woo and win And wear un - til I

hour. dee.
2. O -

Ayont Yon Hill

Ayont yon hill the lassie bides,
The lassie I lo'e weel,
And gin I were a wand'ring wind,
Awa' to her I'd steal.
Her hair's a wab of softest silk,
Her face a denty flow'r;
Her e'en like stars that glint sae mild
At the melting twilight hour.

Oh had I wealth of gold and gear,
Or fame the warld can give,
I'd change them all for her bright smile,
That bids me hope and live.
In dool or joy what e'er befa',
What e'er the weird I dree,
My jewel rare I'll woo and win
And wear until I dee.

Harold Boulton

The Laddie I Lo'e

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Scottish Air
Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto *p*

Voice

1. I'm a
2. Me

Piano

p

can - ty wee quean, Just com - plete sev - en - teen, And I'm no that ill faur'd tho' I'm
lilt - in' sae gay At my work and my play The lads they come coort - in' and

p

sma. _____ Though kind - ly I'm kent, And I live fair con - tent; Yet the
a; _____ Jes' whiles by and bye I'll be si - lent and sigh, For the

rit. 3

lad - die I lo'e bides a - wa'

rit.

p

Then John - nie win hame, Or you're great - ly to blame, I

p

wud - na make what might be - fa 'Tis may - be too late, I may

rit. 3

gang my ain gait, Gin the lad - die I lo'e bides a - wa'

rit.

The Laddie I Lo'e

I'm a canty wee quean,
 Just complete seventeen,
 And I'm no that ill faur'd tho' I'm sma'.
 Though kindly I'm kent,
 And I live fair content,
 Yet the laddie I lo'e bides awa'.

Me liltin' sae gay
 At my work and my play
 The lads they come coortin' and a';
 Jes' whiles by and bye
 I'll be silent and sigh,
 For the laddie I lo'e bides awa'.

Then Johnnie win hame
 Or you're greatly to blame,
 I wudna make what might befa';
 'Tis maybe too late,
 I may gang my ain gait,
 Gin the laddie I lo'e bides awa'.

Harold Boulton

Charlie is my Darling

Words by
BARONESS NAIRNE.
(1766-1845)

Old Scotch Melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Voice

Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. My
Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. My
Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. My

Piano

dar - ling, my dar - ling; Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas
dar - ling, my dar - ling; Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. The young Che - va - lier. As
dar - ling, my dar - ling; Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling. The young Che - va - lier. Oh!

on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When
he cam march - ing up the street, The pipes played loud and clear, And
There were mo - ny beat - ing hearts, And mo - ny a hope and fear; And

Char - lie cam to our toun, The_ young_ Che - va - lier.
 a' the folk cam rin - nin out To meet the Che - va - lier. Oh!
 mo - ny were the prayers put up For the young_ Che - va - lier.

Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling; Oh!

Char - lie is my dar - ling. The young Che - va - lier. 2. As
 3. Oh,

3
 young Che - va - lier.

Charlie is my Darling

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, etc.,

Oh! There were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, etc.,

O Bay of Dublin!

Words by
LADY DUFFERIN.
(1807-1867)

Irish Air, arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice

Piano

p

p

1. O Bay of
2. Sweet Wick-low's
3. How oft - en

Dub - lin! My heart you're troub - lin', Your beau - ty haunts me like a fe - ver
moun - tains! The sun - light sleep - ing, On your green banks is a pic - ture
when — at work I'm sit - ting, And mus - ing sad - ly on the days of

dream, Like froz - en foun - tains that the sun sets bub - blin', My heart's blood
rare. You crowd a - round me like the young girls peep - ing, And puzz - ling
yore, I think I see my Ka - tie knit - ting, And chil - dren

warms when I but hear your name; And nev - er till this life pulse
me to say which is most fair. As tho' you'd see your own dear
play - ing round the cab - in door; I think I see the neighbours'

ceas-es, My ear-liest, la - test thought you'll cease to be. There's no one
fac - es Re - flect-ed in that smooth and sil - ver sea. My bless - ing
fac - es All gath-er'd round, their long lost friend to see. Tho' no one

p

here knows how fair that place is, And no one cares how dear it is to
on those love - - ly plac - es, Tho' no one cares how dear they are to
knows here how fair that place is, Heav'n knows how dear that poor home was to

1 & 2 3

me. me.

rall.

O Bay of Dublin!

O Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin',
 Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream,
 Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin',
 My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
 And never till this life pulse ceases
 My earliest latest thought you'll cease to be.
 There's no one here knows how fair that place is,
 And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow's mountains! The sunlight sleeping,
 On your green banks is a picture rare.
 You crowd around me like the young girls peeping,
 And puzzling me to say which is most fair.
 As tho' you'd see your own dear faces
 Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
 My blessing on those lovely places,
 Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
 And musing sadly on the days of yore,
 I think I see my Katie knitting,
 And children playing round the cabin door;
 I think I see the neighbours' faces
 All gather'd round, their long lost friend to see.
 Tho' no one knows here how fair that place is,
 Heav'n knows how dear that poor home was to me.

Lady Dufferin
 (1807-1867)

Sons of the Gael

39

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.
Irish Translation by
AN CRAOIBHIN (Douglas Hyde)

Irish Air, arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Piano *mp*

1. Famous were the Kings of the sons of the Gael, O' Con- or, and Macarth-y and O' Bri-an and O' Neill, Mus-ter-ing their fighting men in cas-tle and in camp, — March - ing forth to bat - tle with a tramp, tramp, tramp.

f

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part begins with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The fourth system contains the fourth line, which ends with a repeat sign. The piano part features various musical notations including chords, single notes, and rests. The vocal part features a melody with various note values and rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

On the wheels of fate, spin - ning joy, spin - ning pain

Wis - dom, Val - our, Beau - ty span our lives, a tan - gled skein;

Light - ing His - tory's pa - ges, and up - hold - ing Hon - our's lamp, _____

March - ing down the a - ges with a tramp, tramp, tramp.

f

Will they deem us wor - thy their birth - right to share,

Cen - tur - ies of faith and fight of glo - ry and des - pair?

Are our wo - men fee - bler, or our men of mean-er stamp —

ff

March - ing t'ward the fu - ture with a tramp, tramp, tramp?

ff *rall.*

Sons of the Gael

Famous were the Kings of the sons of the Gael,
O'Connor and Macarthy and O'Brian and O'Neill,
Mustering their fighting men in castle and in camp,
Marching forth to battle with a tramp, tramp, tramp.

On the wheels of fate, spinning joy, spinning pain,
Wisdom, Valour, Beauty span our lives, a tangled skein;
Lighting History's pages, and upholding Honour's lamp,
Marching down the ages with a tramp, tramp, tramp.

Will they deem us worthy their birthright to share,
Centuries of faith and fight of glory and despair?
Are our women feebler, or our men of meaner stamp,
Marching toward the future with a tramp, tramp, tramp?

Harold Boulton

*B'árd, b'uaibhreach na righthe bhi i n-Éirinn na n Gaedhal,
Conchubhnar Mac Cárthaigh a's O Briain a's O Néill
Le n-a lucht-leanamhna nach raidh claon ná cam,
Ag máirseál chum an chatha dheirg, go trom trom trom.*

*Túrna na Cineamhna! Ta lúthghaire a's brón
Dá sníomh aici, agus Críonnacht, agus Cródhacht mhór,
Agus Sgiamh, agus Onóir, agus bualadh drom,
Ag teacht anuas, orrainn O! go trom trom trom.*

*Ná raibh cáil indiu orrainn nár bh fiú sinn féin
Do bheith páirteach leis na daoineibh do bhí ró'ainn go tréan,
'Bhfuil laige 'teacht ar mhnáibh, no 'bhfuil fir ag éirghe fann?
Ag máirseal chum an am' 'tá 'teacht, go trom trom trom.*

Irish Translation by
AN CRAOIBHIN (Douglas Hyde)

THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL

43

Irish words traditional.
English translation by DR. PETRIE.

Old Irish Air.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

VOICE. There's a Colleen fair as May, For a
Oh! thou blooming milk white dove, To

PIANO.

year and for a day I have sought by ev'ry way Her
whom I've giv'n true love, Do not e ver thus re-prove My

heart to gain. There's no art of tongue or eye, Fond youths with maidens try, But I've
constan-cy. There are maidens would be mine, With wealth in hand and kine, If my

tried with cease-less sigh, Yet tried in vain. If to
heart would but in-cline To turn from thee. But a

mf

France or far off Spain, She'd cross the wa-t'ry main, To
kiss with wel-come bland, And touch of thy fair hand, Are

see her face a-gain, The seas I'd brave, And if 'tis Heav'n's decree, That
all that I demand, Wouldst thou not spurn; For if not mine, dear girl, Oh!

mine she may not be, May the Son of Ma-ry me in mer-cy save.
snowy-breasted pearl! May I ne-ver from the Fair with life re-turn.

Oh! thou

THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

There's a colleen fair as May,
 For a year and for a day
 I have sought by every way, her heart to gain;
 There's no art of tongue or eye,
 Fond youths with maidens try,
 But I've tried with ceaseless sigh—Yet tried in vain.
 If to France or far off Spain,
 She'd cross the wat'ry main,
 To see her face again,—The seas I'd brave.
 And if 'tis heaven's decree,
 That mine she may not be,
 May the Son of Mary, me —In mercy save.

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
 To whom I've given true love,
 Do not even thus reprove—My constancy.
 There are maidens would be mine,
 With wealth in hand and kine,
 If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
 But a kiss with welcome bland,
 And touch of thy fair hand,
 Are all that I'd demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
 For if not mine, dear girl,
 Oh! snowy-breasted Pearl!
 May I never from the Fair—With life return!

DR. PETRIE.

PEARLA AN BHRULLAIGH BHÁIN.

Atá cailín deas am chrádh,
 Le bliadhain agus le lá,
 Is ní fhéadhaim a fágháil le bréagadh
 Ní aise ehlis le radh,
 Dá g-canaid fir le mná.
 Nár chaitheamair gan tábhacht léi-si:
 Do'n Frainc nó do'n Spain,
 Dá d-téigheadh mo ghradh,
 Go raghainn-si gach lá dá féachain,
 Is mar an bh-tuill sé a n-dán,
 Duinn an ainnfhir chiuin seo d'fhágáil.
 Uch! Mac Muire na n-grás d'ár saoradh

'Sa chailín chailce bhláth,
 Dá d-tugas searc is grádh,
 Ná tabhair-si gach tráth dham éradh;
 'Sa liacht ainnfhir mhín am dheáigh
 Re buaibh is maoin 'na lámh,
 Da n-gabhamais a d'áit céile:
 Póg is m'le fáilte,
 'S barraidhe geal do lámh,
 Asé 'n-iarrfuinn-si go bráth mar spreidh leat:
 'S mar an damhsa ta tu a n-dán,
 A l'héarla an Bhrollaigh bháin,
 Nár thig mise slán ó'n n-aonac.

TRADITIONAL.

Sing me thy Song

(DRYO DY GAN)

Welsh melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.
(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain)
Welsh Version by T. GWYNN JONES

Voice

Piano

f

Sing me thy song,
Make Love thy song,
Sing one more song.

harp of my fa-thers When round the hearth friend-ship fore-gath-ers.
Love through the a-ges Ru-ler of Kings, peo-ples and sa-ges.
new-ly invent-ed, Tell of a world wise and con-tent-ed,

Sing of vic-tories routs and ral-lies, Hard fought bat-tles, sieg-es, sal-lies,
Sing of groves by lov-ers haunt-ed, Kiss-es sto-len, kiss-es grant-ed,
Na-tions linked in brave en-deav-our Bonds of peace that none can sev-er,

Where a thou-sand mem-'ries thron'g Cam-bria's hills and val-leys,
Strik-ing chords that lin-ger long, Har-mon-ies en-chant-ed.
Right tri-umph-ant ov-er wrong, Free-dom throned for ev-er.

Sing me thy Song

(DRYO DY GAN)

Sing me thy song, harp of my fathers,
When round the hearth friendship foregathers.
Sing of victories routs and rallies,
Hard-fought battles, sieges, sallies,
Where a thousand memories throng
Cambria's hills and valleys,

*Dyro dy gân, delyn fy nhadau,
Mwynder a fo yn dy ganiadau:
Dwg hudoliaeth, deca delyn,
Oesau gwylio trais y gelyn,
Cof y dewrion gynt a fu,
Deled gyda 'r delyn!*

Make Love thy song, Love through the ages
Ruler of Kings, peoples and sages.
Sing of groves by lovers haunted,
Kisses stolen, kisses granted,
Striking chords that linger long,
Harmonies enchanted.

*Adrodd am serch, brenin yr oesau,
Cân am ei boen, gwynfyd ei loesau,
Cân am lwybrau mwyn gariadau,
Addewidion, disgwyladau,
Tannau pêr a drigo 'n hir,
Melys brudd wëadau.*

Sing one more song, newly invented,
Tell of a world wise and contented,
Nations linked in brave endeavour
Bonds of peace that none can sever,
Right triumphant over wrong,
Freedom throned for ever.

*Can eto gân, newydd fo honno,
Dywed am fyd doeth a'n bodlono,
Cân tangnefedd a haelioni
Byd a wypo bob daioni,
Byd a'n gwir yn curo'n gau,
Rhyddid i'w goroni!*

*Harold Boulton
(Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain)*

T. Gwynn Jones

THE SLENDER BOY.

(Y BACHGEN MAIN)

*English words by HAROLD BOULTON.**Welsh simile by G. M. PROBERT.**Old Welsh air arranged by**ARTHUR SOMERVELL.*

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

1. In the fair__ vale of__ Clwyd* in__ the__
 2. Brave Sir Da - vid came woo - ing__ with__

days of my__ joy, Ere the prim - rose was__
 hou - ses and__ land; Tho' I cared not, I__

* Pronounced "Clooid" (one syllable.)

mf

o - ver, I loved my slen - der boy. He was
wed him, He was mine to com - mand. I was

mf

rall:

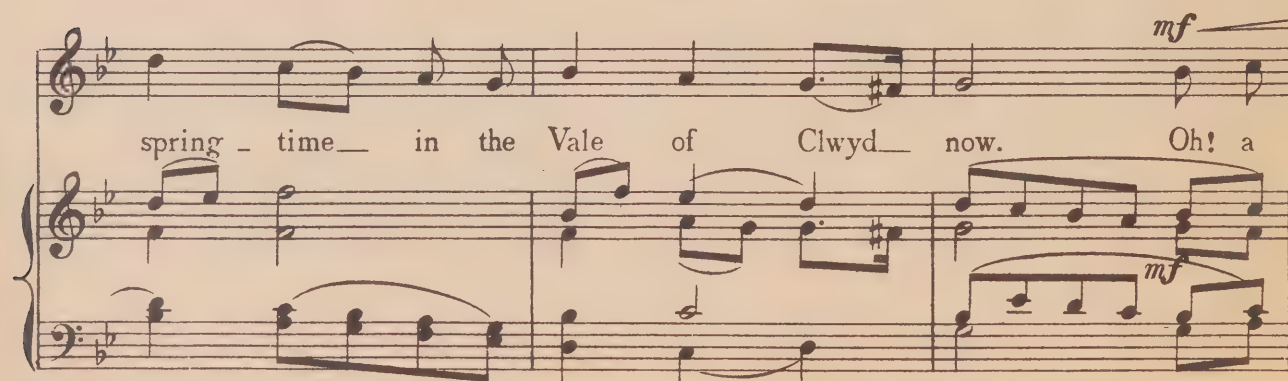
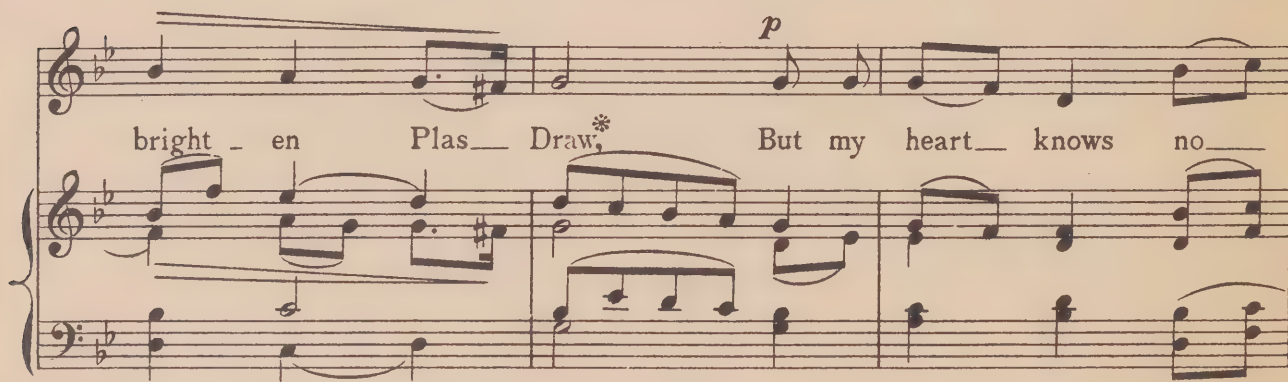
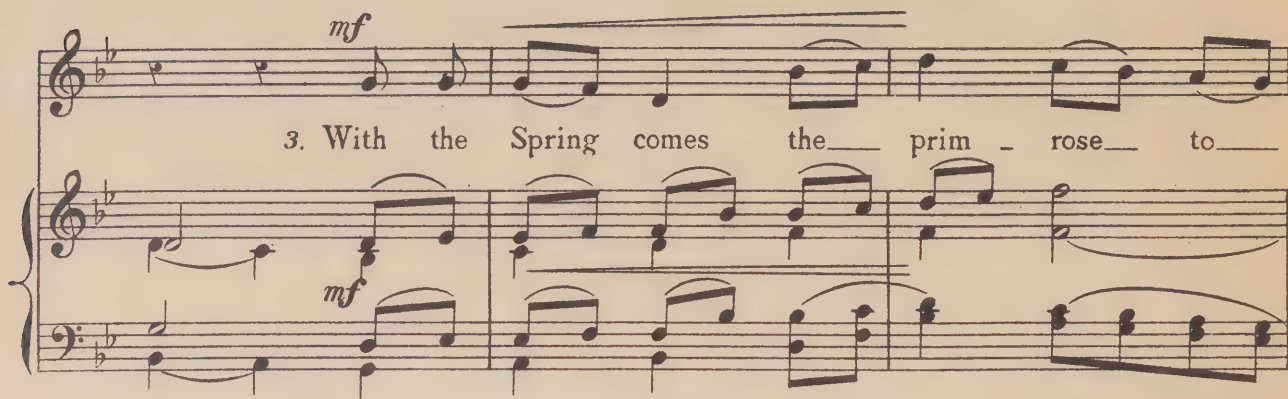
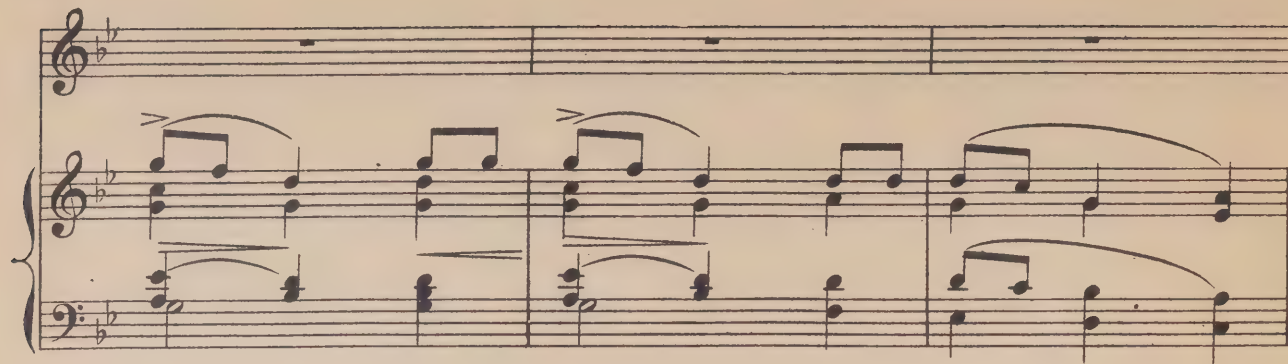
grace - ful as the wil - low, He was stead - fast as the
queen of his trea - sure, I had hom - age eve - ry -

rall:

p

oak, Bit - ter tears wet my pil - low For the
- where, But my heart found no plea - sure, And his

plight - ed vows I broke.
love no dwell - ing there.



* The pronunciation of this word in Welsh is nearer in the vowel sounds to the English ow than to a w.

snare is am - bi - tion, Fool-ish wo - man to des -

rall *a tempo.*
- troy, All in vain my con - tri - tion, For I

love my slen - der boy.

pp

THE SLENDER BOY.

In the fair Vale of Clwyd in the days of my joy,
Ere the primrose was over, I loved my slender boy,
He was graceful as the willow, he was steadfast as the oak,
Bitter tears wet my pillow for the plighted vows I broke.

Brave Sir David came wooing with houses and land;
Though I cared not, I wed him, he was mine to command,
I was queen of his treasure, I had homage everywhere,
But my heart found no pleasure, and his love no dwelling there.

With the spring comes the primrose to brighten Plas Draw,*
But my life knows no springtime in the Vale of Clwyd now.
Oh! a snare is ambition, foolish woman to destroy,
All in vain my contrition, for I love my slender boy!

HAROLD BOULTON.

* The pronunciation of this word in Welsh is nearer in the vowel sounds
to the English *o*, *w*, than to *a*, *w*.

Y BACHGEN MAIN.

Pan yn ieuangc yn y Dyffryn,
Ysgafn galon dan fy mron,
Heb un gofid yn fy mlino,
Canu wnawn o hyd yn llon;
Cariad ddaeth a'i saethau treiddiol,
'Nelodd ataf, clwyfodd fi;
Clwyf dolurus, clwyf pleserus
Oedd y clwyf a gefais i.

Yn y Gwanwyn daeth y blodau,
Yn yr Haf daeth mwy o'r rhai'n,
Yn yr Hydref daeth fy nghariad,
Cariad oedd y Bachgen Main.
Teg ei wyneb, dewr ei galon,
Ymfalchio ynwyf wnai;
O! na fuaswn inau'n ffyddlon
I fy Machgen Main difai.

Daeth Syr Dafydd gyda'i gyfoeth,
Minau gludwyd gyda'r ffrwd;
Bu'n edifar genyf ganwaith,
'Nawr 'rwy'n medi'r chwerw gnwd;
Er i'm gerddi dyfu'r lili,
Yn fy nghalon tyf y drain;
Er holl drysor gwych Syr Dafydd,
Caru 'rwyf y Bachgen Main.

G. M. PROBERT.

Maori Love Song

Communicated by MAJOR DANSEY.

Maori Words Traditional.

ENGLISH VERSION by HAROLD BOULTON.

New Zealand Melody

Arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Gracefully *p*

Voice

1. Thy

Piano

spi - rit, my dear, Oft ho - - vers near, Waft - ed in

dreams di - vine; Dream - - - kiss - es are sweet,

When our lips meet, Lov - er of mine.

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a steady bass line of eighth notes.

2. Love came ere I knew

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a whole rest for the first two measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

Pierc'd my heart through, Pinn'd it se - cure to thine.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a steady bass line.

That pin knows no rust, Tar - nish or dust,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

Lov - er of mine. _____

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is on a single staff in B-flat major, with the lyrics "Lov - er of mine." followed by a long horizontal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines.

3. My love hath bound thee Close-ly to me,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "3. My love hath bound thee Close-ly to me,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

As with a strand of twine, Knots none can un - do

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "As with a strand of twine, Knots none can un - do". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Fast-en us two, Lov-er of mine. _____

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Fast-en us two, Lov-er of mine." followed by a long horizontal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

Maori Love Song

Thy spirit, my dear,
Oft hovers near,
Wafted in dreams divine.
Dream - kisses are sweet,
When our lips meet,
Lover of mine.

Love came ere I knew
Pierced my heart through,
Pinned it secure to thine.
That pin knows no rust,
Tarnish or dust,
Lover of mine.

My love hath bound thee
Closely to me,
As with a strand of twine,
Knots none can undo
Fasten us two,
Lover of mine.

*Hoki hoki tanu mai te wairua
O te tau. Ki te awhi reinga,
Ki tenei ki ri e au.*

*Ko herea koe e au ki e here
O te aroha : Ki te here e kore
Nei e makere e au.*

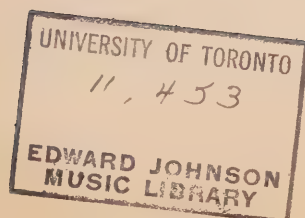
*Ko pinea koe e au ki te pine
O te aroha : Ki te pine e
Kore nei e waikura e au.*

Harold Boulton.

*(Verse added by the Maori Troops
in the trenches of Gallipoli)*

Bowed down with regrets,
I smoke cigarettes
At Gallipoli in the line;
So far from thee, dear
I'm desolate here,
Lover of mine.

*He Ka-i-nga hikareti
K'a-ri-po-ri moke moke te rere nauku
O te au-wa-hi e au.*



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Boulton, (Sir) Harold Edwin,
bart. (ed.)
Our national songs

Music

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